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SOURCE MATERIAL
FOR USE BY
THE CHURCH
IN ITS
SOCIAL PROGRAM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

by

Williston Wirt
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Babson Institute

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF
RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION.
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Source Material

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its—
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PROGRAM

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Compiled by
W. WIRT...

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CONTENTS

Page

PART I

"Recreation and the Church"

The Religious Educational Value of
Play and Recreation----- 8

Bibliography ----- 20

PART II

"The Church Party"

Preface ----- 24

Introduction: "Planning the Party" ----- 28

Social Games

(a) "Icebreakers"

1. Blind Animal ----- 34
2. Conversations ----- 34
3. Klondike ----- 34
4. Autograph Album ----- 35
5. Receiving Line ----- 35
6. Yes? Yes? ----- 35
7. Eye Survey ----- 35
8. Something To Do ----- 35
9. Lucky Spots ----- 36

PAGE 111

"GAMES"

Page

Social Games (continued)

(b) Active Games.

1. Swat	-----	36
2. Costume Relay	-----	36
3. Fruit Basket	-----	37
4. Animal Scramble	---	37
5. Hidden Letters	-----	38
6. Animated Alphabet	--	38
7. Crows and Cranes	---	39
8. Food Relay	-----	39
9. Hide The Ring	-----	40
10. Pied Names	-----	40
11. Birds Fly	-----	42

(c) Quiet Games.

1. Adverbs	-----	44
2. Buzz	-----	44
3. Numbers	-----	44
4. Ghosts	-----	45
5. Telegrams	-----	45
6. Initials	-----	46
7. Category	-----	46
8. Parlor Art	-----	47
9. Auto-suggestion	---	48
10. Progressive Stunts	-	48
11. "I've Got Your Number"		49

Bibliography:

- II. "Games, Entertainments and Socials."
----- 50

PART III"Stunts"

Page

Dramatic Stunts

Foreword	-----	55
----------	-------	----

Impromptu Stunts.

1. The Order Of The Shillelagh	---	61
2. The Order Of The Apple Tree	---	62
3. President Hoover and Mr. Coolidge		63
4. Cutey and Empty	-----	64
5. Sharpshooting	-----	64
6. The Old Ford	-----	66
7. The Orator	-----	67
8. "Wurgle Wurgle"	-----	68
9. Impressions	-----	72
10. The Grindstone	-----	72
11. The Doctor's Office	-----	73
12. The Goops	-----	73
13. The Stagecoach	-----	74
14. Hi and Si	-----	75
15. Between The Lines	-----	76
16. The Horrors Of War	-----	77
17. Static!	-----	78
18. The Movie Goes Wrong	-----	80
19. The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter		82
20. Macbeth and Macduff	-----	83

Dramatic Stunts (continued)

Rehearsed Stunts.

1. A Parisian Idyll	-----	88
2. The Humanaphone	-----	91
3. The Reek of The Asparagus	-----	94
4. The Mind Reader	-----	98
5. Television	-----	101
6. The Melting Pot	-----	103

Pageantry

Foreword	-----	109
The Other Wise Man	-----	110

Bibliography: "Dramatics and Pageants"	-----	129
--	-------	-----

PART IV

"Songs For Young People"

Foreword	-----	135
----------	-------	-----

Inspirational Songs

Follow the Gleam	-----	137
Follow the Trail	-----	138
The Westland Call	-----	139
Boy Scout Hymn	-----	140

Songs For Young People

Inspirational Songs (continued)

Hymns --

Foreword	-----	141
The Son of God Goes Forth		
For Peace	-----	142
O Master Workman of the Race	---	142
Faith Of Our Mothers	-----	143
I Would Be True	-----	143
Semi-Centennial Hymn	-----	144
California, Golden Sandaled	---	144
Hymns	-----	145

Old Time Favorites

Red Wing	-----	147
Captain Jinks	-----	148
My Grandfather's Clock	-----	149
The Bells of Saint Mary's	----	151
Little Annie Rooney	-----	151
I Love You, California	-----	152
When You and I Were Young, Maggie		153
Johnny's So Long At The Fair	--	153
Suggested additions	-----	154

Camp Fire Songs

Camper's Goodnight Song	-----	156
Taps	-----	156
Round The Campfire	-----	157
The Open Road	-----	157

Pep Songs

Airey, Airey, Eyerey - O	-----	159
A Sea Scout Chantey	-----	161
At The Table	-----	162
Ting a ling		
Little Tommy Tinker		
Restaurant	-----	163
This Funny Song	-----	163

Songs For Young People

Page

Pep Songs (continued)

Three Jolly Fishermen	-----	164
Slum Song	-----	165
Ham and Eggs	-----	166
There Are Crowds	-----	167
Start It With A Smile	-----	167

Parodies

Romeo and Juliet	-----	169
Rosy O'Grady	-----	170
Shingle Belles	-----	170
Piggy O'Neil	-----	170
Poor Georgie	-----	171
Our Cow	-----	171
The Old Apple Pie	-----	171
Long Trail Parody	-----	172
That Wild Irish Nose	-----	172

Humorous Songs

Bologna	-----	174
Oyster Stew	-----	175
Dunderbeck	-----	176
The Nut Song	-----	178
Joshua Ebenezer Fry	-----	179
Whiskers	-----	181
The Mushroom Song	-----	182
Maria	-----	182
The Bee Song	-----	183
Clementine	-----	184
Are You A Camel?	-----	185
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar	-----	186
Pa's Old Mule	-----	188
Thompson's Mule	-----	188
Lisp Song	-----	188

Songs for Young People	Page
Nonsense Songs	
A Maiden's Romance -----	190
The Billboard -----	191
Ain't A-gonna Rain -----	192
Craziness -----	194
Pirate Songs	
The Buccaneer's Hymn -----	196
A Pirate Serenade -----	197
Captain John, His Ditty -----	198
Bibliography: "Music and Singing" -----	200

PART V

"Appendices"

A. Additional Bibliography -----	203
B. Addresses of Publishers and Periodicals ---	204

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF PLAY AND RECREATION

There is a street car line in Berkeley, California, which passes near the doors of several churches, and a little further on the lobby of a large "motion picture palace". On Sunday evenings, around the hour of 6:15, the car, whose track originates in the residential district, is crowded with young people. So far as an observer can discern, there is no appreciable difference in the types of these young folks who are employing the public conveyance to carry them to their destination; that is, there is in general no distinct "church" or "movie" type.

As the car stops at Dana Street, a happy, vivacious crowd descends and divides into two groups - one headed south in the direction of the churches, and one headed east toward the "movies". Thus the wide awake church, not only in Berkeley, but throughout the United States, is brought face to face with the problem of play and amusement, whether it wishes to deal with it specifically or not, and is forced to formulate some policy or policies in regard to it. What is that policy to be?

"The church has no business dealing with such things; that is the job of others'. Thus spoke a gentleman who

was considering what his church ought to do in the local community in regard to social work with young people. In responding to this statement, one of the other persons present said, 'I believe that our present unfortunate conditions in social life are the results of our having left this whole problem to others.'" ¹

One is much more apt to encounter dogmatic statements than he is openminded inquiries when the question of the Church's function in concerning itself with recreation is raised, indicating that there are still a number of people who can see no value in church-sponsored play for its young people. However, unless such a program is considered and endorsed, there can be no justification for the use by the church of any such collection of materials as forms the major portion of this thesis.

The majority of the objections find their origin in a feeling on the part of many adults that there is no connection between the play and recreational activities of human beings and their religious experiences and Christian character. To them, any program of social activities that contains elements of frivolity and fun can serve no constructive purpose but that of luring the unsuspecting young person into the stronghold of religion, where the convertive elements may work their effect. Such a social program is rightly to be deprecated, and is doomed to failure. We must undertake to justify the Church's use

¹

Thompson, A Handbook for Workers with Young People
(See Bibliography)

of play and recreation from the standpoint of their own intrinsic values and the contributions that they make to the development of religious ideals and Christian virtues.

This will carry us first of all into the realm of the psychology of play in order to determine its place in human nature and to evaluate its place in society. One wishing to follow this line of investigation will find ample material available, some of which is indicated in the accompanying bibliography. For our purpose, it will be sufficient to note that the theory that the social and recreational demand is a permanent factor in the life of all mankind in general, and young people in particular, is recognized by most of the writers in this field to be correct. We have left it to the commercial interests to prove just how correct it is. One cannot turn around on a city street these days without catching sight of numerous flaring and flagrant emporia dedicated to the sure-fire profits to be derived from the human demand for social activity. The same glance will indicate the unfortunate nature of most of these social activities. Dance halls, pool parlors, cabarets, picture palaces, prize-fight arenas, etc. What has the Church, always the leader in every social reform to say in this situation? If there is a universal human demand for social life on the part of

young people, can the Church, in the name of the Christ who proclaimed his mission as that of ministering to the "abundant life", fail to serve this important part of it? It is only in recent times that the Church has recovered from its abhorrence of the evils of professional theatrical practice sufficiently to consent to utilize the constructive values of the dramatic method for religious purposes. Will the same stigma of commercial misuse of human instincts blind it to the fact that under wholesome auspices the standard of such activities may be raised to any desired level?

It will not be sufficient simply to decry the evils of commercial amusement. A constructive, active program of recreation should be sponsored by every church. "The wise church will not attempt to run counter to commercial houses or to eliminate them, but will help to create public sentiment for properly supervised and conducted commercial recreation. If a community has no up-to-date ordinance governing public amusements, this fact should be known by the people at large. As Mr. Atkinson has said in his book, *The Church and the People's Play*, - 'If the dance hall proprietors, managers of pool rooms, owners of the

motion-picture shows and others who are furnishing public amusements know that the church people understand the needs of the community and know who is responsible for the kind of amusement that is being furnished, they are very apt to feel that they are accountable to the community for their attitude as well as their action'.¹

Professor Norman Richardson, in his book entitled, "The Church at Play" (page 18) makes a somewhat startling reply to the rhetorical question, "Why does the Church need to concern itself with Recreation?" "In the first place", he says, "through supervised play activities there is created an atmosphere of friendliness in which the people who are nominal or prospective church members can more easily achieve real membership. Second, the amount of surplus time, wealth and energy is rapidly increasing, and needs to be conserved. Aimless or misguided recreation is morally hazardous. Third, it is largely through the proper use of leisure that the Kingdom of God will be realized." A little further on he states, "Leisure is the Church's greatest undeveloped resource."

One needs to qualify some of those statements a little more than he does, I think, for one cannot say that the Kingdom will not require as great contributions

¹_____

from a laboring world as it will from one with leisure to spare. The devil also finds much for busy hands to do. It is true, however, that the urge for recreation is inherent in the human make-up, and the march of progress has given more time for the expression of that urge in the last few years, with probably greater development in the not-far-distant future. The five-day week in industry is being prophesied as due for materialization within the next five years. It is necessary that the Church take full cognizance of the economic situation of the present with due regard for its trend, and minister to its needs efficiently, if it is to justify its continued existence.

The Christian religion has been successful in large measure because of its ability to minister to mankind in the realm of its interests. We have had Christ's apparent love of social fellowship stressed over and over again - his active participation in the various Jewish celebrations, his fondness for crowds, his anti-asceticism, etc. Surely the Church which bears his name and banner cannot afford to draw aside from this element of man's personality in its program of service.

There is not available at the present time any up to date survey of what the denominations are accomplishing in the field of recreation. Herbert W. Gates published in 1917 the latest effort in this direction. At the time it was written it constituted an excellent piece of work, but its information in regard to specific projects is at the present time quite hopelessly out of date. It lists the

Plymouth Congregational Church of Oakland, California for instance, as maintaining a daily schedule of activities of a social nature together with a fully-equipped and staffed gymnasium. Any such program has not been carried on in that particular location for a number of years, and one naturally presupposes as radical changes in the other examples cited. A similar study to that of Dr. Gates giving an adequate picture of the situation today would be of invaluable assistance to every church seeking to extend its sphere of service. Such material as is available may be found in the attached bibliography.

So far as the facts are available it would appear that the Mormon Church is doing what is perhaps the most constructive piece of work in the field of church-sponsored recreational programs, through its Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations. The Executive Director of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association states the aims of their recreational as follows:¹

1. The making of the joys of healthful recreation and social activities a vital part of the life of every man, woman and child. This implies:
 - (a) The providing of ways and means for wholesome enjoyment.
 - (b) An educational campaign for better use of leisure time

¹ The Playground Magazine. Vol. 19 August, 1925.
pp. 253-4

- (c) More attention to education in "valuable enjoyment".
 - (d) A fairer distribution of recreational opportunities.
- 2. The development of the spirit of sympathy and brotherly love through:
 - (a) More extensive social contacts.
 - (b) More natural social contacts.
 - (c) Breaking down undesirable class distinctions.
- 3. The development of a higher type of social leadership
Group activities demand intelligent initiative and cooperation.
- 4. Promoting health by means of proper physical and social recreation, emphasizing more and better supervised outdoor activities.
- 5. Developing culture and social refinements in youth through maintaining proper standards of etiquette in parties and social functions; educating youth to assist individuals who are socially timid; and in directing the mind of youth to the beautiful in dress and outward expression, and to the deeper values of mind and spirit.
- 6. Developing the power of self-expression through dramatics, debating, and other aesthetic and intellectual activities.

The Catholic Church is also paying a great deal of attention to the development of a strong recreational program for its young people, even extending its activities to the first day of the week. A few of the protestant denominations have given thought to the social program of the churches which make up ~~the~~^{their} membership, but it has been more in the line of sporadic experimentation than active sponsorship. Comparatively little has been done to reach the community groups which lie outside the immediate pale of the church organization. While it is true that there are other organizations of various nature actively engaged in providing some sort of supervised recreation, the standard of leadership is much higher where the influence of the church's social ideal is brought into cooperation.

I am heartily in accord with Professor Norman Richardson when he names recreation a "great undeveloped resource of the church". I look to the authorities of the church to appoint trained Secretaries of Recreation who will travel the length and breadth of the land inaugurating and cooperating in the maintainence of recreational activities in every church and in every community. In many country districts the churches and schools constitute practically the only agencies to which the people can look for social life. Such situations present a unique opportunity for service which the church should willingly recognize and respond to. The situation should be recognized by more of the theological seminaries

and courses should be provided for the enlightenment and training of every Pastor, and more particularly each Director of Religious Education, in this important and specialized part of their ministry. More has been done at Summer Conferences of denominations, Y. M. and Y. W. Conferences and the like than anywhere else, probably, in the way of recreational programs. Something of its value has been made use of, but little or no effort has been made to train the delegates to take back to their local surroundings something of the play spirit, and to make it a part of the year-round program in their own home church. A place should be made on the schedule of courses of such Conferences for direction in recreational leadership, and the very best expert in the field available brought in to give instruction.

In conclusion I shall quote from three different sources regarding the value and importance of play, and the need for more active interest on the part of the church in its function.

"Only within recent years have we discovered the inestimable educational values of play life. Physically, play gives beauty of form to youth, eliminates awkwardness, develops grace of movement, strengthens the vital organs, and imparts health. Mentally, play stimulates intellectual activity, requires quick decisions and awakens the alert mental condition which educators desire.

"Morally, play develops the will through action,

trains in habits of fairness, courage, and obedience to the rules of the game. Socially, play involves principles of social cooperation through team games. Fair play means fair business. It develops neighborliness and community friendship. If you wish to know the character of a young person, observe his play. If you wish to mold that character, direct his play." 1

"The natural form of spirit expression, for youth especially is in a many-sided comradeship in play. It is the Church's business in some way or other to foster the comradeship of good play, regarding it as one of the most important points of contact with those not yet ready for all it has to offer..... In the Sunday School of tomorrow the teacher will plan his work so that play will be an essential part of his teaching program." 2

"Resting down upon a system of mechanical labor-saving devices, the human race is now enjoying the greatest amount of leisure that the world has ever seen. Multitudes of people are now set aside either to make permanent contributions to this nominally Christian civilization or to lay the foundations for the most tragic and gigantic moral

¹ Powell, Principles of Recreational Leadership, 1921.

² Archibald, The Modern Sunday School. Century, 1926.

catastrophe that history has yet recorded.

This subject of play has come to be one of the most serious matters which the church can possibly take into consideration. Every institution interested in the future welfare of modern society, but particularly the church, must face the question how to provide for the constructive and safe use of leisure time and resources.. The children of the new generation must be taught how to play. They need avocational guidance. They cannot be left to themselves to discover and make suitable forms of recreation.

The call for a program of leisure time activities supervised by the Church is based upon some of the most significant facts in modern civilization. There is need of creating the conditions in which vital membership can readily be achieved. The Church faces a challenge to save whole areas of human life both within and without its constituency, from moral disintegration and decay. It is a challenge to prevent the spread of morally and mentally damaging idleness. It is the challenge of billions of misused money.

To accept this challenge is not to undertake to mix oil and water. It is an undertaking that involves saving the lost. Defective or partial Church memberships need to be reclaimed. Lost time needs to be saved. In helping to save all these, the church is meeting one of the most pressing of human needs." ¹

¹ Norma Richardson, The Church at Play. Abingdon, 1922
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- Presents practical principles, methods and plans of and for character-building play for the use of church workers.
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Christian Bd of Publ'ns, 2704 Pine St.,
St. Louis, Mo., 1921 \$1.00
- Programs correlated with the program of the church.

= especially recommended for personal library.

See end of thesis for complete names and addresses of publishers.

PREFACE

The source material offered in this collection consists for the most part of games, stunts and songs for use primarily at social parties of young people in homes and indoor recreational centers of any nature. In so doing, it is not the desire to over-emphasize any of the elements which go to make up a well balanced recreational program. It is a well-known and established fact, however, that sports and athletics have been developed and exploited to such an extent that the average young person does not lack for opportunities of self-expression along those lines. The local Y.M.C.A. if it is making full use of its equipment, is sponsoring inter-church athletics of many kinds. Other agencies - the school, the city, and even the industrial plant - are active in this field.

For the most part, however, the inherent values and possibilities of the social party have not been developed in proportion to athletics. In the majority of cases, little or no preparation is given to the party outside of the time, place, and refreshments. There are no well-paid coaches in this field. To a large degree the young people are left to their own devices. Under such circumstances it is little to be wondered at that the dance "problem" has sprung into prominence. "What's doing?" says the young person. But the hostess is in the kitchen. "Let's dance then."

The program of the social party requires definite planning. This planning should take into consideration the purpose for which the party is intended, the most efficient

use of the time available, and a definite effort to achieve results, however intangible they may be. One expert has estimated that there should be twice as much time spent in planning the party as is to be spent in executing it. But more than time will go into its preparation. Cleverness, ingenuity, even genius, if we may accept its definition as "an infinite capacity for taking pains", will be called into play. How general, do you suppose, is the practice of adequate preparation for social parties from such a viewpoint? And yet, where such a practice is followed, with proportionate success, ~~it has been my~~ experience that dancing, as a problem at church-sponsored parties, will disappear. For pure social pleasure, the Charleston cannot hold a candle to "Blind Animal" or "Swat" or "Adverbs" !

In an effort, then, to bring some contribution to this comparatively neglected field, the following collection of tested-and-tried source material together with the bibliography are offered.

No vast claims of originality are advanced. Like Kipling's description of the methods of Homer, what I thought I "might require", I "went an' took, the same as" he. Much of the material in its present form is the product of a series of adaptations, and the most diligent search does not reveal the source from which it sprang. Many of the skits however, are, making their first appearance in print.

Introduction

INTRODUCTION

Planning the Party.

Many elements enter into the situation as soon as it is decided to have a party. Most important is the choice of an able and experienced recreational leader, one capable of sensing the reason why the party is given, of defining this reason for all who are to aid in its preparation, and of seeing to it that only those elements which contribute to this aim are included in the final plans.¹

Innumerable suggestions may be found in the various play manuals for special party plans for special seasons and holidays. The usual criticism of such plans is that they are "too elaborate". Party planning usually devolves upon one or two individuals or a small committee at most, and these do not find it practicable to follow the extensive directions. One can sympathize with such a view, but it must not be lost sight of that the most successful party is the one into which the greatest amount of time and effort have gone during the preliminary preparations. And by far the most successful parties are those which are built around some event or situation which is made to serve as a theme. This does not need to be so elaborate as to affect the decorations and other details, but certainly the main activities and refreshments take on an added significance when they are seen to fit into a definite unity of conception.

1. On the duties of an efficient leader, see Chapter 6, "The Church at Play", Richardson, Abingdon, 1922.

Suggestions for party themes can be gleaned from innumerable sources. Reference to the bibliography will give the addresses of various recreational organizations that publish literature in this field. "The Kit", giving its entire emphasis to church-centered recreation, is ^{1.} prolific in ideas.

Once the theme is selected, the choice of games, stunts, etc. relative to its thought may be undertaken. It is always well to plan more games than it is expected one can use. Some directors prefer to work on a time schedule - allocating so many minutes to each game and so many to each stunt. However, it has always been the writer's experience that this detracted from the spontaneity which forms such a large part of the success of any party. A game that proved a great success with one group of young people may prove a bore to another, and the director should be the first one to detect the signs of ennui that indicate that interest has slackened, and quickly substitute a new stimulus. This is a very important consideration, and the true leader will look first to see that the young people are reacting to the game he has proposed in the manner he anticipated, and then start them on a new one after they have enjoyed it to the full but before they have become surfeited.²

1

Chapter VI, "Social Programs on Special Themes", A Handbook of Games and Programs by W. R. LaPorte, Abingdon Press 1922

² See Ice-Breakers and the Icebreaker Herself, by Edna Geister, Geo. H. Doran Co., 1921 edition, p.149. "How Long to Play a Game".

The structure of the party program will vary greatly to fit the needs of variety and special situations, but in general the following outline is suggested.

1. The "icebreaker". Like the first installment of a thrilling sequel, the first game or opening event excites the play spirit by its immediate enjoyment and the eager anticipation it arouses.
2. The active games or amusements. Circle games, races, etc. The watchwords are action, laughter.
3. Quiet (er) games. Games requiring mental, rather than physical activity.
4. Special stunts. The crowd is divided and required to perform in series; the talented members are drafted; an all too personal dialogue has been prepared. Whatever they are, stunts appeal to the strong dramatic instinct of the young person and are immensely popular.
5. Refreshments. Indispensable, and rightly so!
6. The conclusion. What better way than a community sing?

An essential part of most programs is music. This may be supplied thru the introduction of special musical presentations. However, these must be of a high standard of quality, and not introduced for the purpose of "riding a hobby", or "killing time". It is absolutely essential that this ~~be~~ be considered in the plans of the party, for it has a great effect on the atmosphere of the whole party.

Often the music may take the form of group singing. The writer has used this with great success. He has made a hobby of collecting songs that appeal to young people and transferring them to stereopticon slides.¹

¹ "Radio mats" cost \$1.75 per box of 50. Run them off in your typewriter, put them between two pieces of slide cover glass (25¢ doz.) and your slide is made for 7½¢. Order from any stereopticon supply house, or E.H. Kemp, 300 Turk St., S. F.

It is a comparatively simple matter then to hang a sheet and to throw the words where all may see. A goodly number of these songs will be found in a section of this thesis.

It is important that the music or songs fit into the theme of the party just as much as the other integral parts. It is a simple thing to change a few words here and there to render this possible.

Conclusion

The last step in the planning of a party should be a resume or "check-up" in order to ascertain whether all the desired results have been given full opportunity to materialize. Check the final arrangements against the following outline.

1. It must have a central theme to which, as far as possible, each element subscribes.
2. It must conform to the general outline above.
3. It must progress evenly and lead to a desirable climax.
4. It must appeal to every member of the group.
5. It should make "regulars" out of strangers.
6. It should be a credit in every particular to the church.

ocial
Games...

SOCIAL GAMES

The following games are selected with the idea in mind that a compilation of tested material that particularly appeals to young people will be of service in indicating the most successful types.

(a) "Icebreakers"

1. Blind Animal

Prepare in advance a number of slips of paper and write or print on each the name of a different animal. Or you may want to use some other category to harmonize with the theme of the party. As the guests arrive, a slip is pinned on the back of each, and when all is in readiness, they are given pencils and cards, and told to secure as large a list as possible of the animals worn by the other young people, while concealing at the same time their own animal identity.

A prize may be awarded to the person who has obtained the largest list at the end of fifteen minutes, or to the one who has concealed his own identity the best, as indicated by the cards of the rest of the group, or to both.

2. Conversations.

Conversation programs may be prepared, similar to dance programs, and the participants required to "sign up" a partner for a particular conversation. Subjects should be farcical and should not be discussed more than one or two minutes. At a signal they seek their next partners.

3. Klondike.

Give out a dozen huge lollypops, or any other suitable articles to twelve people, preferably bashful ones, and tell them not to produce them until they have shaken hands with and told their names to twenty-one others. Tell the rest of the group that there is an opportunity for them to discover a gold mine; that there are a number of young people present who have nuggets in their possession which they are going to give to the twenty-first person who shakes hands with them and introduces himself. This is an excellent "icebreaker" for groups that are not particularly well acquainted.

Autograph Album

Souvenir autograph albums, made from ordinary paper with fancy covers, and suitably inscribed, are given to each guest upon arrival, and they are to secure the autograph of every one present, together with a notation regarding the color of his eyes, size of his shoes, and a brief quotation suitable for the exterior of an old Ford.

Receiving Line

The customary receiving line formation is set up, and each guest as he or she arrives is given a slip of paper, on which are written directions for the giving of a particular form of national greeting. For instance, the Frenchman kisses on both cheeks, the Chinaman shakes hands with himself, the Debutante gives a languid, "wet" handshake, the African rubs noses (!), etc. See the National Geographic magazine for suggestive ideas.

Yes? Yes?

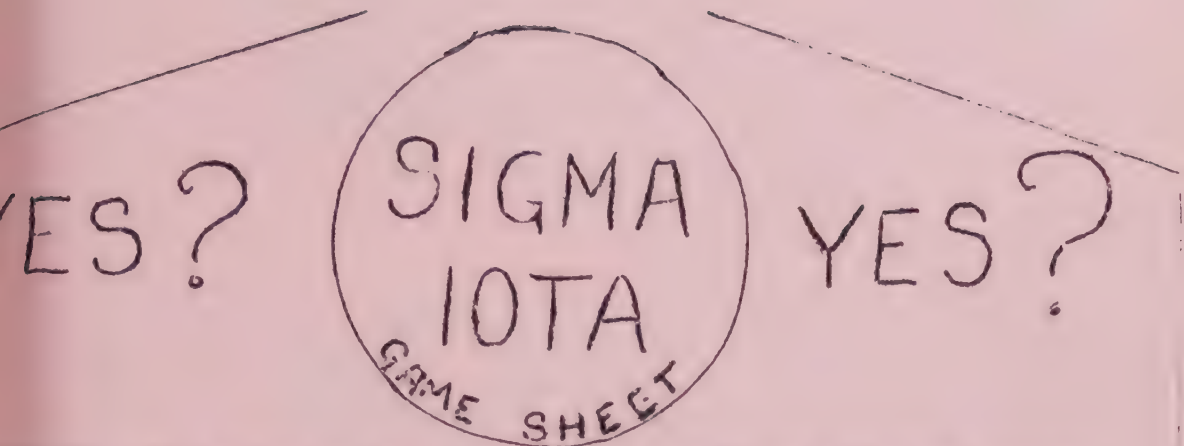
Each guest is provided with a sheet of paper on which are ruled lines for ten signatures. Each is then instructed to engage in conversation with some other guest, and to attempt to win from him an affirmative reply - "Yes", "Uh huh", or an affirmative nod. If after one minute the players are unsuccessful, they are to pass on and try their luck with someone else. If they do succeed, they are to have the individual sign their sheet. Of course, the first person to fill his sheet with ten signatures, wins. To add excitement, blow a whistle at frequent intervals and change the required admission back and forth from an affirmative to a negative. See attached pink sheet for example.

Eye Survey

Discover in advance the number of blue-eyed girls and brown-eyed girls who are coming to the social. Provide each guest with a card and pencil. Explain that there are so many blue-eyed and so many brown-eyed girls present, and the boys are to discover who they think are the blue-eyed girls and write their names on their cards, and the girls are to do likewise with the brown-eyed boys. When this has been done, ask them to read their estimates. It will be found that a number of those present are somewhat colorblind! But then, can you blame them?

Something to Do.

As the guests arrive they are given a card on which is written something to do, and a number. The boys will all have even numbered cards, and the girls odd numbered cards.



INSTRUCTIONS: You are to engage in conversation with some other SIGMA IOTA or guest, and attempt to win from them an affirmative reply - "Yes", "Uh huh", or an affirmative nod. If you are unsuccessful after one minute, pass on and try your luck with someone else. If you DO succeed, have the individual SIGN YOUR PAPER. The first person to fill his sheet with ten signatures, WINS !!!

- _____ 6. _____
- _____ 7. _____
- _____ 8. _____
- _____ 9. _____
- _____ 10. _____

The directions can be made to suit the spirit or theme of the party, and will read something like the following: Make a speech, indicating what you think the girl who is number seven probably looks like, and her probable first name. Then find her, introduce yourself, and then introduce her to the group, indicating in what particulars you erred the most. Or, Find girl number eleven, and arrange with her to act out a popular slogan, which the rest are to guess.

Lucky Spots

The guests are informed that there are several "lucky" spots in the room, and that if they happen to be standing on one of them when the whistle blows, a suitable prize will be awarded. Three persons together or one person alone on a spot render it "unlucky". There should be about five periods of two minutes each, and to be eligible in any one of them each member of the couple standing on the lucky spot must be talking to each other for the first time that evening. Or, if the group is not well acquainted, for the first time in his life!

b) Active Games

Swat

This ever-popular version of "drown the handkerchief" is lots of sport, but care must be maintained not to prolong it beyond the point where any of the participants become tired. The participants form a circle. One person is "It", and is equipped with a swatter formed of a rolled newspaper or better yet, a soft, rolled towel. "It" walks rapidly around the outside of the circle, and slips the swatter into the hand of one of the players in the circle. The person who receives the swatter thereupon commences to belabor the person next on his right, chasing him around the circle. The person chased is immune as soon as he resumes his former place in the circle, whereupon his pursuer becomes "It".

c. Costume Relay

The crowd is divided into equal sides, and each side is equipped with a suitcase. In one suitcase is a lady's costume consisting of an old-fashioned dress, a hat, and an umbrella. In the other is a man's costume, consisting of a heavy overcoat, a cap, and a pair of rub ers. When a starting signal is given,

the first runner for each side runs with the suitcase, and dons the apparel, then closes the suitcase, rushes back to the starting line, disrobes and puts the clothes back in the suitcase. Immediately it is seized by the second runner, and the process repeated. The last couple to finish loses the relay for their side. Whenever possible during the relay, the suitcases may be switched from one side to the other.

3. Fruit Basket

The group is seated in a circle, with one in the center who is "it". Count off by fours, and call the Number Ones "Lemons", Number Twos, "Peaches", and Number Threes and Number Fours two other fruits, respectively. "It" then calls "Peaches" and "Lemons", whereupon all those who were Number Ones and Number Twos must leave their seats and scramble for another, with "It" joining in the scramble for a seat before they are all occupied. The person left without a seat thereupon becomes "It" and calls two other fruits. Occasionally some one who is "It" may call "Fruitbasket" which is the sign for everyone to seek a new seat. This game is ever-popular with young people, and one particularly attractive feature about it is the fact that it can so easily be adapted to almost any theme. "Fruits" may become "Animals", "Automobiles", or almost anything, to match the particular party scheme.

4. Animal Scramble

Before the social, prepare signs marked "Pigs - Blue", "Donkeys - Red", "Ducks - Orange", and "Pussycats - Green". Post these, one in each of the corners of the room. Then prepare bits of colored paper or cloth of the colors mentioned. Have plenty of each, only they should be of such a nature that it is not possible to make two pieces out of one without it being apparent. Hide these colored bits all over the place, in out-of-the-way places and in obvious nooks. At the desired moment, divide the group up into four equal groups, and assign each group to one of the corners. Have them each select a Captain. Then explain that the object of the game is for each division to discover as many of the corresponding colored pieces as possible, - but! - The only one of the division who is eligible to pick up the colored pieces is the Captain! All the others may do is find their hiding places, and call the attention of their Captain to them by giving the

recognized animal-sound of the division, so that he may come and rescue them. After the majority of the pieces have been found, call a halt, and have each Captain count his total. The winning division has the privilege of "crowing" over their opponents by giving their division yell at the top of what little voices they have left.

Some call this game Bedlam, and with reason!

Hidden Letters

This is somewhat similar to Animal Scramble, but not so noisy! Small alphabet letters are scattered thru the social room or rooms, and the object is to find them and fit them into words. Suitable recognition may be given for the largest number of words found, and for the longest, as well as for the most unusual. The game is rendered more difficult by requiring the players to pick up the letters in the order in which they form a word. Thus one practically has to make up the word as he goes along, and "pass up" letters that will fit into his word later on, until he has acquired the intervening ones, trusting that somebody else will not get there first.

Animated Alphabet

The players are divided into two groups! Different colored sets of alphabets are given to each group (Church Recreation Service, 510 Wellington Place, Chicago, 50¢). For sixteen players or less, use "A" to "H" respectively; for seventeen to twentyfour, "A" to "L"; for twenty-five to thirty-two, "A" to "P"; for more than thirty-two use all letters of the alphabet. Pass out one complete set of cards to each group; if necessary, give some of the players two cards, but avoid giving the same person two vowels. The leader calls a word chosen from the lists below, and the players holding the component letters of the word run forward and form it as quickly as possible. Appoint one member of each team to keep score, and one impartial judge.

Words for sixteen players or less with letters "A" to "H"

Aged	Bead	Caged	Fade
Badge	Cafe	Chafed	Faced
Beach	Bach	Each	Head

Words for seventeen to twenty-four players with letters "A" to "L"

Backed	Glade	Half	Jackie
Baked-	Glide	Calf	Jibed
Fickle	Globe	Heal	Jade
Field	Bilge	Hiked	Joked

Words for twenty-five to thirty-two players with letters
"A" to "P"

Backlog	Jacob	Modeling
Blacking	Jailed	Obliged
Facing	Joined	Packing
Flamingo	Machine	Pelican
Flinched	Manhole	Pickled

Words for more than thirty-two players, using whole alphabet

Souvenir	Bridges	Gasoline	Jingle	Velour	Zebra
Chasm	Consult	Light	Quote	Wolves	Yacht
Antique	Particle	Fasten	Kitchen	Export	Yeoman

Crows and Cranes

This is a modern version of "spin the platter". A line is drawn in the center of the room, and the group divided, half on each side of the line, facing each other. One side is designated "Crows" and the other "Cranes", and each side has a "safety" zone, as far away from the center line as possible, where they are safe from pursuit. The leader stands in the center and calls "Cr-r-r-r-ows!", whereupon the Crows dash for their safety zone, endeavoring not to be tagged by a pursuing Crane. If the leader should call "Cr-r-r-r-anes!", the Cranes dash for cover. When a Crow is tagged by a Crane, he automatically becomes a Crane when the next call is announced, and vice versa. Having reached the safety zone, a player is immune until the next call and returns to the line to be ready for it. Sometimes the leader fools both sides by calling "Cr-r-r-r-ackers!" or "Cr-r-r-r-abs!". The game continues until all the players on one side have been captured.

Food Relay

This game is apt to be a better one to watch than to take part in. Before the social, two card tables will have been prepared, each holding ten saucers containing food. Each saucer will contain a different article, but each table will be a duplicate of the other. Two teams of ten members each should be chosen, and lined up in a different room from the tables. The members of these teams will then be told that they are to proceed in relay fashion, i.e., one at a time, each waiting until his predecessor comes back and "Touches him off", into the other room, where they will find saucers of food awaiting them. They are to have their choice of eating

the contents of any saucer that is not empty before returning to touch off the next player, but all the saucers must be emptied, the side accomplishing this feat being declared the winner. As a matter of fact, in the rush to down a saucerfull and return to touch off the next person, many will not realize what they have eaten, until the spectators explain in great detail. Then, as the saying goes, the fun begins! A very suggestive list of contents for the saucers, (ones tested and tried) is offered below.

1. A large bunch of grapes
 2. Several "cracknels" or dry crackers
 3. A small bunch of raw onions
 4. A dozen marshmallows
 5. A large slice of limburger
 6. A glassful of Cliquot Club ginger ale, to be drunk out of vinegar bottles
 7. A slice of watermelon
- Etc.

. Hide the Ring

There are innumerable games that entail the hiding and subsequent finding of objects for their motif. This one is a particular favorite of young people. Form the players in a circle, grasping an endless circle of string with both hands, palms downward. One or two rings are looped on to the string. Someone is "It" in the center of the circle, and he does his best to discover the person who is hiding the ring under his palm. "It" may point to anyone, and that person must raise his hands from the string. If any member of the circle is caught in possession of the ring, or if he is nearest to the ring when it is discovered, he becomes "It" and changes places with the player in the center of the circle. To confuse the person who is "It", the players all keep their hands in motion, as if passing the ring from one to another along the string, so that it is very difficult to tell when the ring is actually passed, and when it is not.

. Pied Names

An excellent game that adapts itself readily to any theme. The procedure consists in preparing beforehand a number of cards on which are printed names of persons or objects which

are jumbled or "pied" as ludicrously as possible. The guests are then provided with pencils and paper, and pass from card to card, seeking to unravel the hidden words. The cards may be pinned to the walls, laid on tables, or placed anywhere where they are available for perusal. A few lists are noted below:

NUTS TO CRACK

1. LAZHE	-	Hazel
2. PANCE	-	Pecan
3. MADLON	-	Almond
4. ECBEH	-	Beech
5. HOGTUNDU	-	Doughnut
6. CHYKOIR	-	Hickory
7. NOARC	-	Acorn
8. HUNTLECS	-	Chestnut
9. METUNG	-	Nutmeg
10. UAWLTN	-	Walnut
11. TUOCANOC	-	Cocoanut
12. UTPAAN	-	Napa Nut
13. ZALBIR	-	Brazil
14. EPENNIT	-	Pinenut

MUSICAL COMPOSERS

1. SWAK ITCH SOKY	-	Tschaikowski
2. US STARS	-	Strauss
3. DIVER	-	Verdi
4. HENETBOVE	-	Beethoven
5. NEBIRL	-	Berlin
6. O U ASS	-	Sousa
7. ZILST	-	Liszt
8. VOEKA R	-	Dvorak
9. O PINCH	-	Chopin
10. H NO MENS SLED	-	Mendelssohn
11. ABCH	-	Bach
12. AH LEND	-	Handel
13. U NO GOD	-	Gounod
14. WOOKY SMIRKS ARK-	-	Rimsky Korsakoff
15. GNAWER	-	Wagner

PRESIDENTS

1. MAN IN CAB OR HALL	-	Abraham Lincoln
2. YES GLASS TURNS	-	Ulysses S. Grant
3. SON ROCK AND JEW	-	Andrew Jackson
4. WILLIE MINK CLAY	-	William McKinley
5. CARVER DELVE LONG	-	Grover Cleveland
6. OFT JOHN FEARS MEN	-	Thomas Jefferson
7. IF GALES LEAD JAR	-	James A. Garfield
8. O SHAGGING RANTWE	-	George Washington
9. JAY CHINS QUONDAM	-	John Quincy Adams
10. KNIFE LANCER RIP	-	Franklin Pierce

11. Birds Fly

The participants stand in a circle. The leader stands in the middle, or in a position where all can see him, and proceeds to call out a series of birds and animals, and to flap his arms, winglike, at the same time. If the name that the leader calls is that of something which will fly, the group will flap their arms. If it will not fly, they are to remain motionless. For instance, the leader says "Birds fly", and flaps his arms, whereupon the group, since birds do fly, will flap also. He then says, "Horses fly", and flaps his arms, whereupon the group, or most of them anyway, will remain motionless. He may then say, "Eagles fly" and remain motionless, but the group must flap. Those who flap at the wrong time, or who do not flap when they should have to fall out of the circle. A glance at the following list which should be used by the leader, will indicate that those who last out the game must have their wits about them!

Fly

Birds	Falcons
Ducks	Eagles
Owls	Grasshoppers
Bats	Flies
Buzzards	Mosquitos
Crows	Gnats
Hawks	Herons
Pelicans	Storks
Blackbirds	Robins
Thrushes	Aeroplanes

Don't Fly

Fish	Elephants
Lions	Zebras
Lizards	Ants
Snails	Hippopotamuses
Potato Bugs	Whales
Flees	Mushrooms
Cows	Porpoises
Bears	Dogs
Snakes	Sharks
Tadpoles	Frogs

Fly

Sparrows	Hummingbirds
Gulls	Bobolink
Larks	Loons
Kingfishers	Albatrosses
Woodpeckers	Lindbergh
Butterflies	Moths
Chickens	Time
Turkeys	Guinea hens
Money	

Don't Fly

Jellyfish	Squirrels
Gophers	Chipmunks
Tigers	Raccoons
Tennisballs	Trees
Butter	Wheels
Bicycles	Kiddie Cars
Horses	Mice
Telephone poles	Salmon
Battleships	Billboards
Camels	Oxen
Buffalo	Deer
Woodchucks	Giraffes
Bedbugs	Goats
Oysters	Clams

(c) Quiet Games

1. Adverbs

One person is "It" and is sent out of hearing. The others decide on an adverb and "It" is then told to return. He questions them at random in an effort to discover the adverb. As each one is questioned, he must act out the adverb in his answer to the best of his ability. The one whose acting gives it away is "It" for the next adverb. The amusement is provided by the type of adverb chosen. Try acting out "simperingly", "lovingly", "significantly", "madly", and you will see the point.

2. Buzz

Buzz is an old favorite, and the young people seem never to tire of trying to beat their last record. Four hundred and six is the highest I have ever known it to go without a slip. The game begins with everyone in an approximate circle. Somebody starts and every one "counts off". One, two, three, and so on. When the number "seven", or any number divisible by seven, or containing a seven is encountered, the person whose turn it is counts "Buzz" instead. Thus "fourteen" will be "Buzz", and so will seventeen, twentyone, twentyseven, twentyeight, etc. If anyone fails to say "Buzz" when he should, or says it when he should not, the game commences at "one" again.

A more intricate variation of "Buzz" is "Fizz-Buzz". Starting at one, the number five, and any number containing five or a multiple of five is termed "Fizz"; all this in addition to the use of "Buzz". Thus the progression will be: One, two, three, four, Fizz, six, Buzz, eight, nine, fizz, eleven, twelve, thirteen, Buzz, Fizz, sixteen--etc. Fifty-five is Fizz-Fizz, and fifty-seven is Fizz-Buzz.

3. Numbers.

This is one game, the value of which is appreciated only after a trial. It is one game the young people will hate to stop playing even after quite a siege of it. It is best played with between ten and fifteen players. When there are more than fifteen, the group should be divided in half, and two separate games played simultan-

eously. The players form a horseshoe, seated in chairs. They count off, and each one memorizes the number of the seat he occupies. The counting is always started by the occupant of chair number one. He will call the number of any one of the chairs at random - "six". Whereupon the person occupying chair number six, if he is on the qui vive, will instantly call the number of another chair at random. This continues until somebody fails to respond instantly, and he must thereupon take the last seat in the semi-circle, the other players in between moving up one seat to make room. This, of course, alters the numbers of all the players in between the seat which the loser formerly occupied and the last seat in the line, for as the players move up, they take on the number of the new seat. After this has been done several times, those who are the widest awake, mentally, will tend to gravitate toward the head of the line, and a real struggle to maintain seat number one begins.

4. Ghosts

This is a quieter form of Hidden Letters (Active Games, No. 4). The players form a circle. Someone starts a word with a letter, preferably a consonant. The person on his right adds a letter, and so do the rest, if possible, in rotation. The object is to make as long a word as possible, and whoever adds its last letter becomes a "ghost" and withdraws from the circle. If a ghost can persuade some active player in the circle to speak to him, however, they must change places. If a player is unable to supply a letter he becomes a ghost, but he may always challenge the word being spelled when his turn comes, and if the previous player cannot mention a bona-fide word as the one he had in mind, he too becomes a ghost. The game becomes more exciting as the circle narrows.

5. Telegrams

Another fine game that especially lends itself for ideal adaptation to a special theme.

Procure from a telegraph office, a sheaf of telegraph blanks. In the right-hand upper corner, mark a letter of the alphabet, a different letter on each blank.

Avoid "x", "q", "z" as too difficult. Explain to the group that they are to construct a regular ten-letter alliterated telegram, the first letter of each word commencing with the letter designated in the right-hand upper corner. The sense of the telegram may be anything that fits in with the theme of the party. For instance, at a choir party, the telegram might be addressed to the Choir director, accepting a place in the choir. If the group is a large one, two or more people may collaborate in the origination of a message. When all have finished, collect them and have some one read them out loud. Some of them will be good enough to frame!

6. Initials

This game utilizes the same sets of Alphabet letters mentioned in Animated Alphabet (Active Games, #6). The players are seated, and grouped in a semi-circle around a leader. He shuffles the alphabets together (it is well to eliminate "X", "Y" and "Q"); then, holding them face downward, he exposes them to the audience one at a time with the injunction, "Name a ----- that begins with this letter." Any category may be named at will, and the question is open to anybody to answer. The first one making a correct answer gets the card. When the pack is exhausted, the winner of the game is the one who has the most cards.

This game is both amusing and educational. Many variations may be originated, using an adjective and its opposite, or its synonym, etc.

7. Category.

This excellent game, noted in a magazine article by Kathleen Norris, requires pencils, and sheets of paper which have been ruled into compartments, similar to the illustration below. A word of four or five letters, all different, is chosen, and its letters written at the top of the columns. Several categories are then chosen (or may be chosen beforehand by the host) and are written vertically in the category column.

The object of the game is to find a word beginning with the letter, and fitting the category. Thus:

CATEGORY	S	C	A	P
Automobiles	Scripps-Booth	Oakland	Auburn	Peerless
Trees	Sassafras	Oak	Ash	Poplar
Medicines	Seidlitz	O----	Aspirin	Paregoric
Countries	Senegal	O----	Afghanistan	Poland
Political Troubles	"Scotch"	Oil	Apple sauce	Palaver

At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes, the papers are exchanged, for scoring. Allowing five for each answer deduct first for the ones entirely omitted. Also deduct for words which do not fit the category. In case of an argument, the dictionary is the authority, or it may be necessary to appoint a referee. Words duplicated by two or more players are crossed off, and do not count. Only words which fit the category, and which no one else has thought of are eligible for scoring. This should be explained at the beginning of the game, in order that the players will avoid the "easy" word in favor of the unusual.

8. Parlor Art

(a) Provide each guest with a stick of gum, a toothpick, and a calling card. The object is to chew the gum, then transfer it to the card, and with the toothpick as a tool, to fashion the plastic wad into any required form - animal, bird, flower, etc. A table suitable for exhibition purposes should be provided, and a prize awarded to the best sculptor.

(b) Instead of gum and toothpick, provide the guests with a supply of common pipe cleaners, obtained from any tobacconist for 25¢ per gross. Using these, they may fashion an endless variety of objects, including furniture, automobiles, etc.

(c) Provide plenty of crepe paper, scissors, paste, needles and thread. From these may be constructed costumes,

millinery, etc., for a fashion show. Or newspapers alone may be used to good advantage.

(d) By means of advertising pictures clipped from magazines, construct a "story in pictures" in a scrap book. Have the girls construct the life history of their partners, and the boys vice versa. Be sure to provide an exhibit table where they may be appreciated by all.

(e) Provide materials as for (c) and use them to "dress up" figurines fashioned from peanuts, potatoes, carrots, etc.

9. Auto-suggestion

The leader points to anyone at random, with the command "name every word you can think of beginning with the letter K". And to another person, using "J", to another using "S", etc. It is surprising what few words will emanate from perfectly intelligent people when placed in such a position. Usually plenty of stammering results.

The game may be varied by having two persons race to see who can say the most words beginning with the same letter in a given space of time. Or pencil and paper may be called into play, and the whole group compete. In this case, variations of the same word are not allowed.

Another variation is to mention a word, and have each person write down as rapidly as possible the normal train of single words that this first word suggests to his mind. Have the lists read later - they will prove quite interesting!

10. Progressive Stunts

Tables are arranged as at a bridge party. Instead of cards, however, various games are played at the tables, and the pair who succeeds in winning at each table "progresses" to the next.

It is possible to play the same game at all tables, or there may be different games at each table.

Suggested variations:

1. Tiddley Winks
2. Parchesi
3. Ping Pong
4. A bowl of peanuts, and four old-fashioned hatpins;
object, the removal of as many peanuts as
possible by each contestant by "stabbing" with
the pins.
5. A bowl of pop-corn, needles and thread;
object, to make the longest string of popcorn
by each contestant.

11. "I've Got Your Number"

See "I've Got Your Number" by Mary A. Hopkins and
Doris Webster (Century Co., 1928, \$1.00). This
is a fascinating fortune-telling game, psychologically
worked out. Similar to it is "Marriage Made Easy" by
the same authors (Century Co., 1928, \$1.25)

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Bowles, Ella S.	<u>Practical Parties.</u> Woman's Press, 1926	\$1.00
# Bugbee, Willis N.	<u>Successful Entertainments</u>	
Burdick, May D.	<u>UP-to-Date Drill and Pantomime Book.</u> Flanagan, 1923	\$.40
# Camp, Walter	<u>Book of Sports and Games.</u> Crowell, rev.ed. 1923	\$2.00
# Confield, Dorothy	<u>What Shall We Do Now?</u> Stokes, 1922	\$2.00
Caton, Irwin L.	<u>Games and Sports for School and Community.</u> Flanagan, 1923	\$.40
Chenery, Wm. E.	<u>Home Entertaining: Amusements for Everyone</u> Lothrop, 1912	\$1.00

	Dawson, Mary	<u>The Mary Dawson Game Book</u> McKay, 1916	\$2.00
	Dayton, Helena S. and Barratt, Louise B.	<u>Book of Entertainments and Theatricals</u> McBride	\$3.50
#	Dennison's Holiday Booklets	Dennison Mfg. Co., Framingham, Mass	\$. 30
#	Drayer, Geo. C.	<u>Games for Church, Home and Gymnasium</u> Association Press, 1921	\$1.00
	Dunbar, Osa L.	<u>Friendly Frolics</u> Abingdon Press, 1924	\$.50
	Durham, Helen	<u>A Circus</u> Woman's Press, 1920	.75
		<u>Ten Recreational Parties</u> Woman's Press, 1923	\$.75
	Ebright, M. K.	<u>Recreation for Young and Old</u> Abingdon Press, 1921	\$.75
	Elmore, Emily W.	<u>Practical Handbook of Games</u> Macmillan, 1922	\$1.00
	Elsom, J. C., and Trilling, Blanche M.	<u>Social Games and Group Dances</u> Lippincott, 1919	\$2.00
	Farris, Helen	<u>Producing Amateur Entertainments</u> Dutton, 1921	\$2.00
#	Geister, Edna	<u>The Fun Book</u> Doran, 1923	\$1.25
		<u>Ice Breakers and the Icebreaker Herself</u> Doran, 1925	\$1.35
		<u>It is to Laugh</u> Doran, 1922	\$1.25
		<u>Getting Together</u> Doran, 1925	\$1.35
	Githens, Harry W.	<u>Bushels of Fun</u> Missouri C. E. Union 1228 Vermont St., Quincy, Ill.	\$.50
	Hacker, F. A. and Eames, P. W.	<u>How To Put On An Amateur Circus</u> Denison, 1923	\$1.75

# Harbin, E. O.	<u>Phunology</u> Cokesbury Press, rev ed. 1923	\$1.50.
	<u>Paradology (songs)</u> Cokesbury Press, 1927	\$.75
	<u>Hoyle's Standard Games</u> Laird, rev. ed. 1924	\$.50
# LaPorte, Wm R.	<u>Handbook of Games and Programs</u> Abingdon Press, rev. ed. 1928	\$.80
Lear, Sidney and Mishler, Marian B.	<u>The World's Best Book of Games and Parties</u> Penn, 1926	\$2.00
Little, Maude B.	<u>Literary Programs and Diversions</u> Cokesbury Press, 1926	\$1.50
Lucas, E.V.	<u>Three Hundred Games and Pastimes</u> Macmillan, 1910	\$3.00
MacCuaig, D. and Clark, G. S.	<u>Games Worth Playing for School, Playground and Playing Field</u> Longmans, 1924	\$1.00
Martin, John A.	<u>Recreational Games and Programs</u> Community Service of Boston, Inc. 739 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., 1924	\$.50
Owen, Ethel	<u>A Book of Original Parties</u> Abingdon Press, 1925	\$.75
	<u>Parties That Are Different</u> Abingdon Press, 1926	\$1.00
	<u>A Year of Recreation: Twelve Suggestive Socials</u> Abingdon Press, 1926	\$.50
Phipps, L. R.	<u>Popular Amusements</u> Cokesbury Press, 1926	\$1.50
Playground and Recreation Association of America	<u>Fun For Everyone</u> 1926	\$.50
	<u>What Can We Do?</u> 315 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.	\$.25
Radcliffe, W. H.	<u>Magic For Amateurs</u> Appleton, 1924	\$1.50
Reisner, Christian F.	<u>Social Plans For Young People</u> Abingdon Press, 1908	\$1.50

Ripley, G. Sherman	<u>Games for Boys</u> <u>Holt, 1920</u>	\$2.00
Simons, Evelyn	<u>Community Games, Stunts and Entertainments</u> <u>for Old and Young</u> <u>Paine Pub. Co., 1926</u>	\$.40
Smith, Chas. F.	<u>Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs,</u> <u>Camps and Scouts. Dodd, 1924</u>	\$2.00
Smith, Laura R.	<u>Games and Plays</u> <u>Flanagan, 1924</u>	\$.25
Staley, S. C.	<u>Games, Contests and Relays.</u> <u>Barnes, 1924</u>	\$3.00
Wolcott, Theresa H.	<u>The Book of Games and Parties</u> <u>Small, 1921</u>	\$2.00

= especially recommended for personal library.

See end of thesis for complete names and addresses of publishers.

DRAMATIC
STUNTS...

DRAMATIC STUNTS

The term "stunt", like the word "recreation", has grown to be an all-inclusive term. It now refers to all forms of more or less impromptu entertainment. Stunts rely for a large part of their charm upon their patent spontaneity of production. In presenting source material in this field I have seen fit to divide it into two sections, - (A) Impromptu Stunts, requiring no preparation beyond the gathering of a few handy properties, and (B) Rehearsed Stunts, in which there is some semblance of a plot and continuity. It is difficult to know just where to draw the line, but this division serves at least to separate some of the slightly more elaborate stunts from the relatively simple ones.

The popularity of this form of amusement is due in large part to the growth of the modern Young People's Conferences, and Summer Camps. The demand far exceeds the supply of published material. A new book, "Stunt Night Tonight" by Catherine Miller (Doubleday-Doran, 1928. \$2.00) discusses the technique of "stunting", contains many excellent suggestions for the construction of costumes and scenery from makeshift materials, and much good material for what we have designated "Rehearsed Stunts". It is an excellent text for those who would experiment in this field.

Where, then, shall we go for ideas, when we have exhausted published sources? Why, to life itself. People - personality - the clash of social, racial, provincial dis-

tinctions - like the musical scale, the number and variety of combinations is almost without limit. Such being the case it is entirely needless to run the risk of wounding the sensibilities of local individuals, especially those who possess sensitive titles. The following list is set down merely to serve as an indication of possible subject matter for successful stunts. It could be continued ad infinitum.

The college graduate tackles the world.

Tryouts for a job as:

Opera Singer

Movie Actor

Barber - Permanent wave operator

Bathtub salesman

Beauty Clay demonstrator

Etc.

The Stage at a Summer Resort

A Rhetorical Contest in International House

Grandma's first visit to the Pennsylvania Hotel

A city urchin visits a farm for the first time.

Lord Whoofendoodle visits America

A typical American Family in Paris

Mussolini tries schoolteaching in a girl's school

A Hotel Lobby - anywhere in the world.

The clash which transpires when one nationality comes in conflict with the traditional customs of another, or when provincialism meets cosmopolitan ways and means, is always amusing. One need not be limited to such fields, however. Current events, either local, national, or international, offer wonderful possibilities. One of Will Rogers' maxims is "that a timely joke, even if it is not so funny, is better than a joke bearing no relation to the times".¹

¹ The Saturday Evening Post. October 20, 1928. p.161

This is because an audience likes to feel that there is an association between itself and the players on the stage, and common knowledge of anything creates a situation where the bond is already half-formed, and hence the stage is half set for whatever is to be portrayed. Is the largest dirigible in the world making its maiden trip around the world? What a stunt that would make! Or can't you picture the difficulties to be encountered with customs officials, etc., as it seeks to land at various points? And even if you can't, some other dramatic situation created by such an event will suggest itself to your mind. The use of historical events does not necessarily render them inviolate from a point of view of sticking to the facts. We have "stunt license" to reinterpret and combine events in a way quite unique, and possibly as absurd as the following:

1492

I think of all the things at school
 A boy has got to do
 That studying history, as a rule
 Is worst of all, don't you?
 Of dates there are an awful sight
 And tho I study day and night
 There's only one I get just right
 That's 1492.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
 In 1492
 We fought the British, fair and square
 In 1492
 At Concord and at Lexington
 We got the Redcoats on the run
 While the band played "Johnny get your gun"
 In 1492

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
 In 1492
 And the Indians, standing on the dock
 Asked, "What are you going to do?"
 And they said, "We seek your harbor deear
 That our children's children's children dear
 May boast that their forefathers landed here
 In 1492

Miss Pocahontas saved the life
 In 1492
 Of John Smith, and became his wife
 In 1492
 And the Smith tribe started then and there
 And now there are John Smiths everywhere
 But they didn't have any Smith's to spare
 In 1492

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
 In 1492
 And I think the cow jumped over the moon
 In 1492
 Ben Franklyn flew his kite so high
 He drew the lightning from the sky
 And Washington couldn't tell a lie
 In 1492

Anon.

Fairy tales and folklore offer almost unlimited opportunity for extremely effective use as stunts. I have seen Cinderella and Red Riding Hood in so many forms and costumes that it would seem as if the variety were endless, as indeed it is. But the fairy tales that are less well known offer equally good opportunities. Nothing more ludicrous was ever seen than the actions of the enormous giant in the tale of the "Three Whiskers", (who was composed of a diminutive lad with his legs wrapped around the neck of a 250 pound man, the latter invisible beneath a huge blanket draped from the lad's waist) as he lay down at full length on the floor, and arose again after his beard had been

plucked, maintaining perfect equanimity thruout, and making his wants known in a high soprano voice!

There is also a wealth of adaptable material in all melodramatic literature. Have you a little Lon Chaney in your home? You may not have suspected it, but dramatize the court scene from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and you may be astounded at what transpires. Hold a caucus and decide upon the most thrilling plot ever heard by any of those present, and then make it the basis of a stunt.

I hope I have said enough, without beginning to exhaust the list of possible material, to indicate that one need not feel limited in the search for source ideas. The very air teems with them, and the greater the originality, the greater will be the interest aroused.

In order to give an idea as to the manner in which a bare idea may be developed into usable material, I present a number of stunts which have rendered noble service, and proved their right to survive. Do not consider them useless for your purposes if you cannot use them "as is". As given they have been adapted to suit a definite situation, and you must adapt them to yours. Its a wise stunt that can trace its own parentage !

mpromptu
Stunts...

IMPROMPTU DRAMATIC STUNTS.

1. The "Order Of The Shillelagh"

This is an initiation stunt, and is great fun at a campfire, or similar gathering. There must be a large enough space available for all of the group, or at least all of the uninitiated ones, to kneel in oriental fashion.

The leader, at great length, and with exaggerated dignity, announces that a new branch of the famous "Order Of The Shillelagh" is to be formed among the company present, and those who are already members are invited to assist in the order of initiation. All such immediately arm themselves with shillelaghs, which they wield menacingly. The neophytes are then ordered to lock the fingers of both hands together, and then place the backs of the hands against their foreheads. They are then instructed to bend over until the palms rest on the ground. This will cause a bit of a commotion, as the neophytes sense that they are defenceless against the shillelaghs. When all have been forced to obey the instructions, they are ordered to repeat in unison the following ritual, a line at a time, after the leader:

1. I know my heart,
2. I know my mind,
3. I know that I
4. Stick out behind!

Yes, the shillelaghs have been known to have been used upon those who are tardy in comprehending what they have said!

2. The "Order Of The Apple Tree".

This is another initiation stunt. The neophytes in this case are initiated one at a time.

The prospective member is made to kneel in the center of a ring of "loyal members". He knows that something is due to happen, from the deportment of those around him, but he doesn't know just what. The leader then proceeds to relate a story something like the following:

"There was once a farmer who became wealthy from growing apples. Not satisfied with mere wealth alone, he made use of it in the carrying on of an experiment, the object of which was to determine what was the very biggest size to which an apple could be induced to grow. He worked day and night, for years and years, and at last produced a variety which was the largest ever seen on the face of the earth.

When the apples on this tree were finally ripe, he set forth one morning to harvest them. Not having any basket large enough to hold them, he took firm hold of the tree, like this (seizing initiate's arm) and shook it, and all the apples came down on his head like this -----" Whereupon the "loyal members" rain the palms of their hands down on the initiate's head in a very realistic manner. This has the unusual result of rendering the initiate very active in the initiation of the next individual!

3. President Hoover and Mr. Coolidge.

Equipment: A plug hat for President Hoover, a pair of rubber boots for Mr. Coolidge, and a long length of string, or rope.

President Hoover appears, introduces himself, and explains that he requires the services of a number of volunteers to put on a stunt. When a group has come forward to assist, he explains that he is going to telephone from the White House to Mr. Coolidge in Massachusetts, and the volunteers are to represent the telephone poles supporting the telephone wire between the two places. Each of them is instructed to grasp the rope in their right hand, and hold it as high in the air as possible, and they are strung out in a long line. President Hoover takes his place at the head of the line, and the following conversation takes place:

PRES. HOOVER: Ding a ling a ling. I want to speak to Mr. Coolidge. (Mr. Coolidge comes to the 'phone at the other end of the line) Hello, is this Mr. Coolidge? Well, this is Bert, Cal. Yes. Say, Cal, how's the fishing up there in Massachusetts?

MR. COOLIDGE: Only fair, Bert. How are they out your way?

PRES. HOOVER: Well, they're pretty good, Cal. I was out fishing this afternoon.

MR. COOLIDGE: Is that so? Well, did you catch anything, Bert?

PRES. HOOVER: I surely did, Cal. Just look at the whole line of suckers I caught!

4. Cutey and Empty.

Another simple initiation stunt for a large group.

Ask everybody to rise, and remain very quiet while the ritual is explained. Then request everybody to put his index finger of his right hand on the forehead of his right-hand neighbor, and give the abbreviation for mountain. Next have them place the same finger under the chin of their left-hand neighbor, and give the abbreviation for quart.

5. Sharpshooting.

Equipment: A box of soda crackers, an apple, a mirror and a cap pistol, or small calibre pistol loaded with blank cartridges.

It is announced that General Delivery himself has been secured to demonstrate his uncanny marksmanship with firearms, for a most fabulous sum.

The General appears, in grotesque military costume, and introduces his patient assistant, Corporal Punishment. After many preliminaries, they take positions at opposite ends of the room. The Corporal has a soda cracker which he holds gingerly between thumb and forefinger. The General fires, and presto! the cracker falls to the floor a mass of crumbs (The Corporal merely exerts pressure on it with his fingers, sufficient to crumble it). The General next breaks two crackers, one in each of the Corporal's hands, firing from an inverted position, thru his legs. Urged on by the applause, he performs still more marvellous feats.

Blindfolded, he aims straight up in the air, the bullet reaching its mark nevertheless, as indicated by the broken biscuit. He turns his back to the Corporal, and with the aid of a mirror (aiming into the mirror at the reflection) again registers perfect marksmanship. Growing bolder still, he offers to split an apple in two which is placed on the Corporal's head, firing from another room! The apple is placed in position, and the General is escorted to another room. Meanwhile, the Corporal removes the apple, and commences to devour it. The gun sounds, presumably with deadly precision, for the Corporal falls dead upon the floor, necessitating his removal on a stretcher.

Many are the variations which may be introduced into this stunt, but care must be taken not to drag it out too long. A board can be prepared with a rack to hold a cracker in the center. When the gun barks, the cracker will be smashed by means of a pencil thrust thru a small hole in the board. A candle can be snuffed out by the marksman, or rather by the strong exhalation of his innocent-appearing assistant. It will add somewhat to the ridiculousness of the procedure if the cracker is not smashed until several seconds have elapsed after the gun is fired. Also, a flexible gun-barrel which appears to shoot around corners has been known to add to the mirth.

6. The Old Ford.

As revamped and revised for a University of California student rally last year, the old Ford stunt added to its laurels, and again "brought down the house".

The stunt requires but two participants, one of whom must be a fairly good clog dancer. He takes his place in front of an ordinary chair, and represents the engine of the vehicle, the chair being a fanciful tonneau. Then enters Friend Chauffer, intent on a joy ride. In the customary manner, he first adjusts the control levers, and then proceeds to spin an imaginary crank somewhere in the vicinity of the "engine"'s knees. No luck. Fiddling with the controls again, he takes off his coat, and settles down to a session with the crank. After much exertion, the engine finally bursts into furious life, but dies into silence when the driver starts to climb into his seat. (The explosions of the engine are represented, of course by a burst of clog-dancing on the part of the "engine". Climbing out again, the driver recranks, gets the engine going nicely, and starts to put on his coat. Just as he gets it on, the engine subsides once more. Taking the coat off quickly, he again wrestles with the crank. As soon as the engine "takes hold" once more, Friend Chauffer attempts to don his coat, but as it settles into place, the engine commences to die. He takes it off quickly, and the engine purrs beautifully. Donning the coat again produces a mysterious melody in the

engine's vitals, so after several attempts, Friend Chauffer finally resignedly throws his coat away, and climbs into his seat, speeds up the engine furiously, and commences to move. But again the engine succumbs. Tearing his hair, and uttering incoherently, Friend Chauffer climbs out again, but as he takes hold of the crank, the engine literally "kicks", and knocks him about six feet away. Then a tire blows out. (Mr. Engine also takes the part of the tire, too.) When that is fixed, much humor is invoked by the careful manner in which Friend Chauffer, in cranking, seeks to evade the kicks which Mr. Engine seems overly anxious to administer.

What's that? Oh, yes, they finally get going!

7. The Orator.

Did you ever hear a flowery oration, delivered in full voice, with active gesticulation, in which the words and sentences were spelled out letter by letter? "L-a-d-i-e-s a-n-d g-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n. I a-m v-e-r-y g-l-a-d t-o b-e h-e-r-e a-n-d -----" etc. It is lots of fun, especially when the spelling gets difficult. The subject may be anything from a eulogy of the many and exceptional virtues of the host (many of which are being revealed for the first time), to a discourse upon the emancipation of women, with prophecies as to what may be expected in the future, considering the trend.

8. "Wurgle Wurgle".

Is there anyone who has not developed symptoms of hysteria over the famous surgical operation performed in shadow-pantomime? It is still good for many a hearty laugh, but here is a variation that will make it seem new. The performance is given in full stage, without the use of shadow apparatus.

SCENE I

Enter Elsie, the Wurgle-Wurgle bird. Elsie is composed of one boy squatting on his haunches, one large coat buttoned up to form a tent and drawn over him to hide his whole body, and a long stick, on one end of which has been tacked a piece of cardboard cut and colored to resemble (albeit faintly) a bird's head. This stick is thrust down through the collar-hole of the coat, and is grasped by the boy. In this position, he perambulates across the stage. As he shuffles along, he thrusts the neck of the bird up and down, in and out, in the fashion of all Wurgle-Wurgle birds when in search of food. Also, from time to time he will pause to utter the plaintive "Wurgle-Wurgle" cry which all Wurgle-Wurgle birds utter when about to lay an egg, and from which they get their name. Sometimes he will trip and fall, but that will not detract in the slightest from the interest in the performance.

Enter Elsie, then. She is followed by a seedy-

looking individual who gathers up the eggs, as fast as Elsie lays them. As he picks each egg (in reality, lemon) up, he holds it aloft for a second, as he gloats: "Ah, gold! Solid gold!".

SCENE II

Enter Oscar Schimmlepfennig. Oscar is in costume, all right, but nobody can tell what kind of a costume it is. He has a black mustache, and waves a wicked looking sword. "Aha!" he cries, "I am Oscar Schimmlepfennig, himself. I have heard that there is a wonderful bird in this part of the country which lays solid golden eggs, and I have come all the way from Alameda (or other neighboring town) to find this bird and discover the secret of its mar-r-rvelous ability. But ah, me, (yawn) I have come a long distance, and I am tired. I shall lay me down beneath this friendly peanut vine." He reclines.

Enter Elsie, who lays an egg in the center of the stage, and then, in the search for food, gently (?) pecks at Oscar's head.

OSCAR: (springing to his feet) Aha! What is this?

ELSIE: (laying an egg) Wurgle, wurgle!

OSCAR: What? - I do believe -- oh, it can't be -- yes, it is! It's Elsie, the bird that lays the golden eggs! See! here is one of them! And here another! Ah, they are gold, solid gold! Oh, I must know how it is possible for this bird to do such a remarkable thing. I must know the secret!

Enter the seedy-looking individual.

SEEDY-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL: Here, what are you doing with those eggs? They belong to me! Give them here to me!

OSCAR: Gold! solid gold! See here, my man, I will give you fifty centimes for that bird.

S-L.I.: Not on your life. I wouldn't sell that bird for all the money in the world. You give those eggs here!

OSCAR: (aside) Curses, I must have that bird! (To S-L.I.) See here, my man, I will give you five hundred guilders for the bird.

S-L.I.: No, I tell you no!

OSCAR: Listen, I will give you fifty cents, american money!

S-L.I.: No, never! Get out of here. Get off my property!

OSCAR: Ah, curses! We shall see about that! (he exits)

SCENE III

Enter Elsie. Oscar also enters, but stealthily, and from an inconspicuous corner. He approaches Elsie and mutters: "Aha! Now I have her! I am going to find out just what makes her lay those golden eggs. (He draws, and flourishes his sword) I am sorry to have to do this, old thing, but that old fool of a master of yours has forced me to it." (He stabs Elsie through the body.)

Elsie murmurs a farewell sigh, and collapses. Oscar thereupon proceeds to cut her open, and to extract her vitals. Many and varied are the objects which Oscar drags out in his search for Elsie's golden secret. Only those with no imagination would identify them as a length of garden hose; a string or two of "weenies"; some toy balloon which explode; chains, doorknobs, etc., etc. Oscar fails however, to find any trace of gold or of the gold-making apparatus.

A footfall sounds heavily off stage. Oscar starts, hesitates, and then rushes wildly offstage. The Seedy-looking Individual appears, and walks unconcernedly across the stage, until he stumbles over Elsie's mutilated body. Thereupon he emits an unearthly shriek, and begins to sob with great gusto:

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, my own, what have they done to you? You, who have been to me like a daughter? Ah, Elsie, tell me it isn't true? You aren't dead?"

Seeking a means of drying his tears, he reaches into a rear pocket and extracts a voluminous bandanna handkerchief. Wiping his streaming eyes, he wrings out the bandanna over the corpse. (A sponge full of water hidden within the kerchief renders this act very realistic.) Whereupon Elsie comes suddenly to life.

ELSIE: Yes, I'm dead, and so will you be as soon as I lay my hands on you!

She chases the S-L.I. around, and off the stage.

9. Impressions.

This is one of those "mystifiers", and a good one.

The "expert" leaves the room, after announcing that he will be able to identify the person whose "impression" is transferred to an ordinary phonograph merely by having it held for a few seconds before their face.

The "trick" consists in the presence among the group of an unsuspected confederate, who imitates the exact posture of the one whose "impression" has been taken. The "expert" unostentatiously notes the posture of his confederate, and, by means of a rapid survey of the group, quickly locates the party in question.

10. The Grindstone.

A lad is seated in a chair, his legs crossed and his mouth full of water. He holds a couple of pie tins faced together before him. The axe-grinder operates the treadle of the grindstone by pushing down on the raised foot, whereupon the "stone" begins to whirl. Additional local color is supplied as the "grinder" moistens his stone frequently by tweaking the ear of its human frame.

I have used this stunt many times, by itself or in conjunction with another. Imagine if you will a thrilling under-sea battle between two deep-sea divers who have located the sunken treasure. Just as the hero is about

to sink his dirk in his enemy's vitals, he discovers it is too dull, and proceeds to sharpen it before completing the dirty work!

The Doctor's Office

Scene I.

Dr. Quack is discovered in the act of bottling his great medical invention. "Aha!" he gloats. "Here is the greatest medical discovery of the age - makes thin people fat and fat people thin - I shall advertise for patients and make my fortune."

Scene II.

The first customers arrive. One is short and fat, and the other tall and thin. Both ask for the treatment he has advertised. He administers the medicine to each and behold! the transformation takes place before his very eyes and those of the amused audience.

The modus operandi consists in the use of umbrellas, upon the top of which heads have been affixed, with large blankets or kimonos attached below them, the joints being covered by scarves of some kind. The short, fat girl consists of a really tall girl or boy who comes in crouched under the opened umbrellas, and grows tall by gradually standing up and closing the umbrella, remaining hid beneath the dress. Her companion performs a similar function in reverse order.

The Goops

A sweater or coat is buttoned around the lower part of the body below the waist. A stick is put thru the sleeves with

cotton gloves attached to its ends. A pillow case is put over the head, with arms held high within the case, which is tucked in and fastened securely to the sweater or coat. A ridiculous face may then be drawn on the case, with ears at the top corners. The goop then appears to have a huge head and stumpy body. He enters wobbling as if top heavy and wiggling his ears, and sings a song, or performs a dance in ludicrous fashion. Usually two goops go well together, or a company of them may be used.

The Stage Coach

This is a dandy stunt for a large group, and makes itself up extempore. The properties consist of a box for the engine, some kitchen utensils for tools and tire irons, a dozen or more chairs, one for the driver and the rest for the passengers. The background consists of a fairly wide screen. About eight of the actors, carrying large and leafy branches that hide all but their feet, form a circle around this screen and when the stage starts the circle rotates, indicating the passing scenery. It stops, of course, when the coach takes on passengers. The passengers will include many eccentric individuals, including of course the spoony pair, the man who can't speak English, the sleepy fat lady who continually falls upon her neighbor, and snores!, the amazon who treads on everyone's toes, the man who opens the

lady's suitcase by mistake, etc., etc. A misy conductor, cantankerous driver, and officious customs inspector add to the excitement, and make the trip a memorable one for both passengers and audience.

Hi and Si

This stunt is good for a short and quick laugh. It and the two following it are introduced here in order to indicate how it is possible to dramatize a current risible into a short "stunt". Where the program calls for a number of short, impromptu stunts, this type is very acceptable.

Scene I. Hi is discovered whittling a stick by the roadside.

Si drives along in his wagon, stops and calls:

Si: H'lo , Hi!

Hi: Hi, Si.

Si: Say, what was it you gave your horse when it had the heaves, Hi?

Hi: Turpentine, Si.

Si: Thanks, Hi.

Hi: You're welcome, Si.

Si: G'bye, Hi.

Hi: S'long, Si.

Scene II. Setting and action same as Scene I.

Si: H'lo Hi!

Hi: Hi, Si.

Si: Say, Hi, that turpentine killed my horse.

Hi: Killed mine too, Si.

Si: Well, g'bye, Hi.

Hi: S'long, Si.

etween the Lines

The scene is laid in war-torn France before the Armistice. The stage is dark and a sentry paces back and forth. Suddenly an auto dashes by and is challenged by the sentry.

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Mon dieu - ze beeg battle she take place. Zis is ze ambulance wiz ze wounded soldair."

"Pass on French ambulance"

The sentry resumes his beat, and again an auto dashes up.

"Halt, who goes there?"

"I s'y, old chappie, it's the bally English ambulance, don't chenow."

"Pass on, English ambulance".

Once more the sentry resumes his beat, and still again he stops to challenge a car.

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Who in the sam hill wants to know?"

"Pass on American ambulance.

The Horrors of War

Scene I.

Behind the lines in the general's headquarters.

Enter an official who proceeds to general's desk and salutes.

Gen: What can I do for you?

Official: General, I am a member of the Home Guard. I have brought some documents to headquarters and am returning home, but before I leave I would appreciate an opportunity to view the battle-lines.

Gen: Certainly. I will send my orderly with you immediately. Sergeant Smith, (who approaches and salutes) take this gentleman out to the trenches. (Sergeant Smith salutes and motioning to the official, leads him out.)

Scene II.

It is pitch dark save for the occasional flash of the sergeant's flashlight.

Sergeant: (in audible whisper) This is the third line trench!

Official: (in awed whisper) The third line trench?

Sergeant: Yes! (whispered)

Official: (whisper) Oh!

Silence reigns as they crawl on, then:

Sergeant: (whisper) This is the second line trench.

Official: (whisper) The second line trench?

Sergeant: (whisper) Yes!

Official: (whisper) Oh!

Silence again as they crawl on - then:

Sergeant: (whisper) This is the first line trench.

Official: (whisper) The first line trench?

Sergeant: Yes. (whispered)

Official: (whisper) Where are the Germans?

Sergeant: About 12 miles away over in that direction. (whispered)

Official: (in loud voice) Twelve miles! - Well what in the dickens are you whispering for?

Sergeant: (whisper) Because I've got a bad cold!

Static!

The scene is laid in the living room of a modern home.

In the center of the room is a library table upon which is an old fashioned radio. Mrs. Goofus is seated before this table, writing rapidly something which she hears thru the earphones.

To the left four young people are engaged in a game of par-chesi. To the right Mr. Goofus sits absorbed in a newspaper. Mrs. G.: Children, will you please play quieter! I'm trying to copy down a recipe, and I can't hear a word!

The children pay no attention. Just then a doorbell rings,

and all four rush out yelling, "There's the doorbell!" They troop back a second later yelling, "Mother, it's for you." "Mother, go to the door", "Mother, it's someone to see you."

Mrs. G.: Oh dear, I'm right in the middle of the meat recipe. Oh, George. (to husband) George, come here and finish this recipe for me.

George pays no attention. Mrs. G. then goes over, snatches his paper, and repeats her command. He nods abstractedly, goes over and puts on earphones. She shoves the pencil into his hand and goes out. The children have returned to their noisy game. After a few moments, Mrs. G. returns.

Mrs. G.: George, did you get it all down?

Mr. G.: I took something down, I don't know what. Between the noise these children made and the static I don't know but what I left out a couple of ingredients.

Mrs. G.: Here, let me read it, maybe I can make it out, anyway. (She begins to read oratorically.)

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulder, raise knees and depress toes, and mix thoroughly in half a cup of Parchesi. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half teaspoonful of baking powder. Lower the legs, mash two hard-boiled eggs. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift in a bowl. Attention. Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Roll over, dress in

warm flannels garnished with parsley, and serve with fish soup."

Mrs. Goofus has fainted, and has to be revived.

NOTE: This stunt may be altered to suit. Some jumble of the minister's sermon, a political speech, etc., or other local color will add to its originality and appeal.

The Movie Goes Wrong

The basic idea in this little melodrama is one that will lend itself to any similar plot with equal success. The action takes place first as it might in any moving-picture, then second it is repeated in "slow-motion", and lastly as if the film were reversed, everything being done in reverse order. This latter requires some little practice, but is well worth the effort.

The scene opens. A young lady is seated at a table in the center of the stage, reading. A loud knock is heard.

Girl: Come in!

Enter the villain, mustache and all. The girl screams.

The Villain: At last I have you.

Girl screams again.

The Villain: Will you be my wife?

Girl: No!

Villain: Will you cook my porridge?

Girl: No!

Villain: Then you shall die.

He advances. The hero enters.

Hero: You!

Villain: You!

Hero: Here you dog!

He grapples with the villain, and sinks a long dirk in his vitals. The villain falls.

Hero: Are you dead?

Villain: No!

Hero: Then I shall kill you again.

Which he does and then turns to the girl.

Hero: Come, let us fly!

Villain:(raising up slightly from the floor) Nay, it is flee.

Exit hero and girl.

Curtain.

No end of amusement is created when the film is run backwards. The villain has to fall upward, the hero twice extracts the knife, the girl screams before she is spoken to, and the scene ends with the girl reading at the table, the villain sneaking out of the room, and finally the loud knock on the door.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

This is very effective as a pantomime, or may be "set to words", to suit the occasion.

The scenery consists of a pole of some sort which is placed perpendicularly in the center of the room. A hat-tree is just the thing. From one of the branches hangs an unlighted lantern.

The scene opens when the old lighthouse keeper approaches and begins the long circular ascent of the lighthouse to light the lantern at the top. This he does by laboriously wending his way around and around the hat tree, lifting his feet high as if climbing stairs. When he reaches the top, he is pretty weak, and his hands shake as they try to light the lantern. He strikes several matches, but they all go out. He makes a last effort, but falls to the floor in a faint. After a few moments, the lighthouse keeper's daughter enters, and with hand shading her eyes, peers up in the air, where the lighted lamp should be. Not seeing it, she is much perplexed, and finally begins a slow ascent of the circular stairs. Actually, of course, she is passing around the hat-tree within a few feet of her father's body. She does not actually find it, however, until she has walked around and around the hat-tree a dozen times, thus reaching the top of the stairway.

When she at last arrives at the top she becomes aware of her father's form. She first lights the lantern, and then

dashes madly down the long stairway (around and around the hat-tree a dozen times) until she reaches the bottom. (Sometimes she trips and falls down the last few steps.) Rushing quickly offstage, she returns with two husky men. The three of them then dash madly up the lighthouse steps to the top, where they lift the old man's body, and carry and drag it alternately down the stairs, load it into a boat, and row away, leaving the daughter to stand there weeping.

Macbeth and Macduff

There are two principals, an Irish maid, and two supernumeraries in this stunt. The principles are, of course, Macbeth and Macduff, and they may be costumed in any manner that suits the ludicrous imagination. The first to enter is Macduff. He is in full flight from some enemy, and glances furtively in every direction to assure himself that he is not followed. Finally he comes to the center of the stage, and stretching from weariness proclaims, "Aha! For thirty long years I have eluded that hound, Macbeth. Always he is close on my trail, but I will fool him yet! Ah, I am weary, and shall lay me down for a snatch of sleep." He lies down and falls immediately into a deep slumber. Thereupon, Macbeth enters, and he too peers anxiously in every direction. With his eyes shaded with his hand,

he fails to note the recumbent body of Macduff, and exclaims, "Aha! For thirty long years the villain Macduff has eluded my clutches, but I am hot on his trail, and will yet apprehend him." Still advancing, staring vacantly into the distance, he trips and falls heavily over Macduff's body. The latter does not move, but Macbeth scrambles to his feet.

"What's this? Aha! It is the villain Macduff, and he is in my power at last. Now he is in my power at last and I shall have my revenge." He extracts a horrible weapon which he tests on a hair torn from his victim's scalp, and then commits the murder. Standing erect once more he exclaims, "For thirty long years have I searched for (he reaches into Macduff's overcoat pocket and extracts a large bandanna handkerchief) - this!" He waves it aloft, blows his nose upon it, drops it to the floor, and exits. Meanwhile, Macduff is lying flat on his back, arms and legs outstretched. At this point the Irish maid enters. She has a broom which she wields daintily in time to the tune "Humoresque", which she is whistling. When she comes to Macduff she gives no sign of surprise, but, lifting up one arm, proceeds to sweep the dirt from under it. She repeats the procedure in connection with the other arm, and the two legs. As she completes the task with the second leg, however, it fails to fall back to the floor, as have the

the other three limbs, but remains erect, pointing skyward. This really does startle her, and she emits a loud scream, drops her broom, and forces it down by main force. She is successful, but immediately one of the arms flies up. Kneeling on the offending leg, she forces the arm down, whereupon the other leg flies up. After she succeeds in kneeling on the two legs and holding the arm down, the other arm catches the fever. The poor maid has quite a time forcing all four limbs down simultaneously, but finally succeeds and arises. As she stands dusting her hands and viewing the cause of her exertions, suddenly all four limbs stretch themselves heavenward, whereupon she runs screaming from the scene.

Now the two supernumeraries enter bearing a stretcher between them. This stretcher consists of two seven-foot poles, carried stretcher-wise, across which a blanket has been loosely placed. The stretcher-bearers carry their improvised litter to where Macduff rests, lay it down on the floor and proceed to roll the patient into position between the two poles. The bearers then grasp the poles and lift them so that they slip out from the blanket, and walk off, for all the world as if the patient was being carried. The rear bearer, in following his partner even finds it necessary to trample on the prostrate form of

Lacduff. As soon as they are gone, the latter suddenly comes to life, sits up, looks around, and proclaims, "This is a deuce of a club (society, organization, conference or what -have-you). They don't even bury their dead!" Whereupon he gracefully makes his exit.

Rehearsed
Stunts...

FORMAL DRAMATIC STUNTS REQUIRING REHEARSAL.

1. A PARISIAN IDYLL

The scene is laid in Paris, France. The action takes place on a high embankment which borders a main thoroughfare, and overlooks the famous river Seine. This may be represented quite informally by a chair and a chalked line on the floor, or by a taboret and a large pan of water, or more elaborately, as desired.

A beautiful maiden is standing on the edge of the steep embankment, weeping bitterly. After a moment or so, a handsome gentleman appears, promenading down the avenue. He is about to walk by, when his attention is caught by the sobbing damsel. He pauses, hesitates, and then approaches and addresses her.

GENTLEMAN: How now, my dear young lady, whatever can it be that causes you to weep your heart out in this unseemly manner?

MAIDEN: Oh! Go away! Go away! I shall end it all. I am going to jump into the river below and end my troubles for ever and ever!

GENTLEMAN: But ---

MAIDEN: Go away, I say!

She prepares to leap, but he rushes up and drags her back to a safer position.

MAIDEN: Oh, let me be! Why do you stop me? Let me go! I have tried everything, and I have been turned

down everywhere. I tell you I have tried my hardest to see the great music master, and my patience is at an end. They have shut every door in my face, and I can do nothing more. Let me go!

GENTLEMAN: But, my dear lady, you cannot do away with yourself in this manner. Tell me, who are you? Are you an American?

MAIDEN: Yes, but that is no advantage in this city.

GENTLEMAN: Quite so, but I too, am an American. Tell me your story, and perhaps I can help you.

MAIDEN: I am a singer. I have a beautiful voice. Everyone in Milpitas, California says I have a divine voice. They took up a special collection to send me to France so that I could have the benefit of the training under the world's greatest teachers. I came. I studied. I have achieved the most beautiful voice in the world. But my last penny is gone, and I can find no work. They will not even listen to my voice. They will not see me. Everywhere they shut the door in my face Oh! I can bear it no longer. They will send me no more money from Milpitas. I can find no work. So I shall end it all in the Seine.

GENTLEMAN: Your story intrigues me strangely. What a queer coincidence. Do you know who I am?

MAIDEN: No, and I care not.

GENTLEMAN: Ah, but let me give you my card.

(She takes the card, and glances at it listlessly. As she notes the name, however, she is startled, and gazes at him wideeyed.)

MAIDEN: Victor Herbert! ¹ You!

GENTLEMAN: (bowing) The same. And I gladly place myself at your service. It just happens that I am in search of a singer for the opera which I am about to produce. It is fate that has brought us together. Come to my office tomorrow, and I will give you a hearing.

MAIDEN: Ah, no, hear me now.

GENTLEMAN: But no, I am in a hurry to meet an important engagement. I must go at once, for I have delayed too long already. But tomorrow ----

MAIDEN: No! I must know now! I could not bear the suspense! Hear me now, or not at all!

GENTLEMAN: But this is not a suitable place!

MAIDEN: Sing, or I jump! (She mounts the wall threateningly)

GENTLEMAN: Very well, then, if you insist. Sing!

From her position on the wall, the maiden attempts to sing. After going through a number of grotesque contortions she emits a horrible series of noisy shrieks.

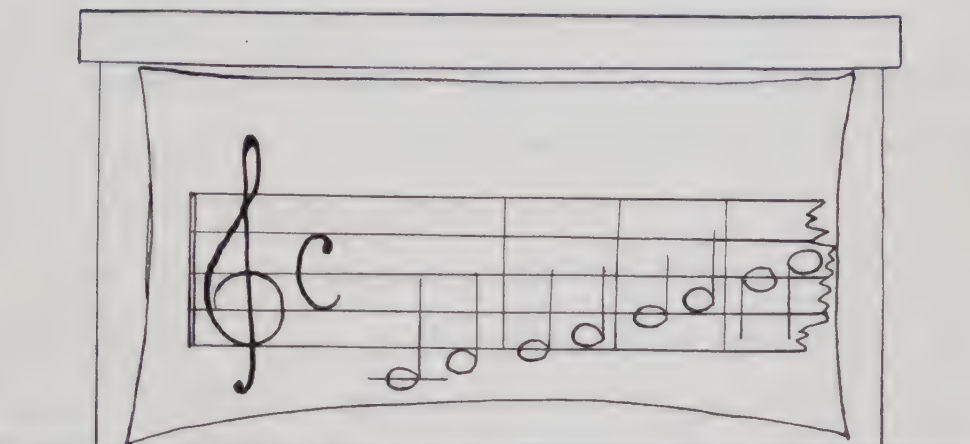
The gentleman stares at her for a fleeting moment, and then pushes her off the wall into the Seine. He flicks the dust from his gloves, and exits.

¹ Insert some local musical teacher, or choir director.

2. THE HUMANAPHONE

This stunt, as performed by the Young People of the Federated Church of Reno, Nevada, under the direction of the pastor's talented wife, Mrs. William Moll Case, made use of an animated musical scale.

A sheet was first stretched between a large doorway, and a scale painted upon it. See illustration below.



The notes had openings covered by movable flaps, so that the actors, with shiny black hoods concealing their features, could poke their heads thru. In taking their places, the actors arranged themselves behind the screen so that only their hood-covered heads would be visible to the audience. The person who represented the lowest note lay of necessity on the floor, while the person playing the highest note stood on a chair. The others were postured in various intermediary positions.

A young man, dressed to represent a so-called "flapper", appeared before the curtain. In a very affected manner, she explained that the marvellous musical contraption which the audience was viewing, was of her own invention. After long

years of ceaseless labor, she had finally succeeded in perfecting it in every detail, and she intended to exhibit the marvelous instrument for the first time, in order to demonstrate its great and astounding possibilities, or words to that effect.

She first proceeded to tune the instrument from a pitch pipe, which she carried, and it was immediately apparent that a number of the notes were badly off key. This was remedied after some labor with a monkey wrench, and she next tried some chords. These were somewhat wobbly, but the inventor seemed satisfied, and began the more complicated procedure of playing a tune.

And then, as they say, the fun began. After a magnificent beginning, one of the high notes developed a piercing squeak. Diligent application of a huge oil-can remedied this, and also the ailment of another note which developed hiccoughs, or something resembling it. The next difficulty appeared when the whole machine suddenly "ran down". A crank was produced, whereupon the machine "ran up" again, and performed beautifully for all of fifteen seconds. The song being sung reached the word "Tahoe", whereupon the machine developed a catch, emitting a staccattoed "Ta-hoe, ta-hoe, ta-hoe, ta-hoe, ta-hoe ---" until the frantic inventor was able to discover and remedy the difficulty. Then one of the notes developed what might be termed by a physician "extreme siss-itis". This note was in such a bad way that it had to

be entirely replaced.

My recollection of the remainder of the stunt is somewhat hazy as to detail, but memory of the harassed activity of the inventor, and of the vast amusement of the audience, is very clear. And while I cannot but think of the musical instrument as an extremely bad one, by the same token I heartily recommend the stunt as a good one!

3. THE REEK OF THE ASPARAGUS.

Plainly, the name of this stunt is a "take-off" on "The Wreck of the Hesperus", but any further similarity is difficult to trace.

The action takes place upon the deck of the S. S. Asparagus, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The personnel consists of:

CAPTAIN PUDDING, master of the vessel.

COTTAGE, his 18-year old daughter, who is making her first trip to sea.

GREGORY CRAWSHAW, first mate and villain, who has designs upon Cottage.

ROLLO GOODY, second mate and hero.

GEORGE GLOBZ, the bos'n.

Other characters may be introduced if desired.

The stage is made to resemble as ludicrously as possible the deck of a steamship, somewhat as follows:

It is assumed that the ship is rolling at all times, and in order to indicate this the players, whenever "on deck" move about with a "rolling" motion - the legs fairly stiff, legs well apart, balancing first on one foot and then the other. An effort should be made by all at first to keep fairly in unison while "rolling", but later on it will not add to the seriousness of the situation if the ship appears to be rolling in several directions at once. In addition to the carriage of the actors, the ship's motion is also attested by the mast. This consists of a spar some three or four inches in diameter and about 10 to 12 feet long. At one end is fastened the most fantastic lantern possible - a Japanese lantern will do! This spar, lantern at the top, is held in place perpendicularly to the deck by a supernumerary, and is tilted from side to side alternately throughout the action. If the supernumerary faces the audience so that the motion of the mast would appear to defy all the natural laws of the ocean, do not let it worry you - other details are more important!

The wheel need be nothing more than a piano stool mounted on a chair. This part is presided over by George Globz. George is hard of hearing, and consequently apt to misunderstand and make some queer mistakes. Captain Pudding is a dear old soul with a long white

heard which is continually blown about by three or four electric fans placed at different spots on the deck. He is nearsighted, and knows nothing of the strife that his daughter is stirring up among the crew. Gregory Cravenhaw is a regular villain, sleek hair, mustache, leer and all. Rollo Goody likewise conforms to the regulation hero standard. He wanders around with a spyglass to his eye, which he turns on Custard whenever possible. Sue is a demure little miss, as the saying goes, "beautiful but dumb", and is continually getting into trouble around the ship.

Now there you have a setting into which could be fitted melodramatic details of an infinite variety. A murder or so would add interest, and of course we must have a thrilling hand-to-hand combat between Gregory and Rollo, in which a knife figures prominently.

The last time we decided to use the "Reek of the Asparagus" we had a fight scene that would have made a movie director's mouth water. Gregory had finally got the best of the fight, and was raising his knife to apply the finishing touch, when Custard actually smashed a plaster-of-paris jar on his head. Then she and Rollo proceeded to sew him into a canvas coffin, and toss him overboard! But of course you will want to vary the gory details to suit the bloodthirstiness of your audience.

The "big" scene of the "Reek", however, is the great storm scene. This is truly marvelous. The water sprays over onto the deck, the lightning flashes realistically, and the thunder roars. A thunderbolt traveling down an invisible wire actually rushes through the air and strikes the bos'n in an unprotected spot. After the superstructure collapses and the mast is snapped off, the crew finally ~~for~~ some remarkable lifepreservers and desert the ship in some equally remarkable boats.

I have purposely refrained from adding details of dialogue, for these are usually the better for their extemporaneousness. The more work that is put on the peculiarities of the ship itself, however, the funnier it can be made. There is, for instance, the trick of pretending to descend a pair of stairs into the "forecastle". By hiding the legs behind some scenery, leaving the upper part of the body visible, and bending the knees a little more with every step, a very realistic effect is produced, while the audience knows very well no actual staircase is present.

Stunts that are stereotyped both as to dialogue and action are "stale" when viewed for a second time, unless like the "Reek" sufficient originality is made use of each time to keep up the interest. The "Reek" is great fun - long may it continue so to be!

4. The Mind Reader

"Madame Zaza - she's not the world's greatest medium, folks, and she's not the world's worst - she's what you might call a medium medium - allow me, folks, to present Madame Zaza herself."

Madame Zaza's costume has a dash of the oriental in it. Perhaps it's the veil that hides her features, perhaps it's the turkish towel wrapped around her head. At any rate, she takes her seat in the middle of the stage and submits to a blindfold. Her partner then proceeds to pass through the audience and request Madame Zaza to identify objects and dates.

"Now Madame Zaza, can you tell me the name of the object I have in my hand? Watch out, now."

"A watch", says Madame Zaza.

"Wonderful! Marvelous! She sees all, knows all - and now, Madame Zaza, what is the object I hold in my hand? Come, come, Madame Zaza. Something you drink out of."

"Glasses! Glasses!" says Madame Zaza.

"Marvelous! That is correct, Madame. And now can you tell me what this young lady has around her neck, Madame Zaza?" (Pointing to necklace).

"Dirt"

"Correct; Madame Zaza....."

This stunt, when worked up by two ingenious young men, is good for twenty minutes of hearty laughter. The one who goes through the audience should have a good patter and plenty of ready wit at his finger tips. Most of the objects that one is liable to encounter when an audience is asked to offer something for identification can be visualized in advance and a humorous patter fitted to them so that not only Madame Zaza but the audience also could identify them blindfolded. However, a few real "mystifiers" should be interspersed in order to lend a professional air to the performance, and give a basis for post-mortem discussion. For instance, Madame Zaza may actually read the date on a coin which is selected from the pocket of a man in the audience. This is arranged very simply. Madame Zaza's companion has in his pocket a half-dollar, the date of which Zaza ascertained previous to the performance. He asks for the loan of a half-dollar from among the audience. As one is handed him, he pretends to glance at the date, but really substitutes for it his own coin. Reading the date softly for those around him to hear, he hands the coin to the person who made the loan for verification, then calls loudly upon Madame Zaza to give the date. To the surprise of everyone the correct date is read and the man who made the

loan replaces the coin in his pocket dumbfounded, not knowing that he has traded coins.

Fraternity and sorority pins may be identified mysteriously through a prearranged code, or one's high school class indicated as freshman, sophomore, junior and senior by the simple expedient of forming a code from the number of words repeated after "What's this boy's (or girl's) class?" Where the group to be entertained is a homogenous one, so that local references may be made or "personalities" indulged in, the possibilities are endless. Care should be taken, however, not to overdo the act by dragging it out too long, and to avoid the wounding of sensitive feelings unnecessarily.

5. TELEVISION

This stunt is nothing if not up-to-date. It has to do with what we may expect when practical television is combined with the telephone and we are able to visualize the scenes at the other end of the line. The stunt has endless possibilities. As used at a summer conference it involved the use of an improvised telephone booth alongside of which a shadow-screen was stretched. The various patrons of a public pay-station then proceeded to drop their nickles, and as the connection was made, what went on at the other end of the line portrayed in shadow pictures on the screen. For instance, when a boy called up his girl to make a date with her, she left the lap of his rival to come to the phone and assure him that she was lonesomely pining for his presence.

Other scenes pictured Farmer Corntassel in his night-shirt and cap just retiring for the night, candlestick in hand; a barber shop (the barber accidentally snapped off his client's nose in his haste to reach the phone). As a grand finale it was explained to the audience that marvelous as were the feats they had already seen the television apparatus perform, there remained for them a demonstration of its greatest function.

"When the ordinary telephone reports, 'They do not answer', we have no recourse but to hang up the receiver, entirely ignorant of the reason why 'they do not answer'. Now with this marvelous apparatus all that mystery is removed. By pushing the little button marked 'S.O.S.' the television will reveal the secret."

When the apparatus was demonstrated, you can imagine the result when the "cause" of the lack of response proved to be a shadowgraph of a young man in a bathtub!

Here is an excellent idea for you to adapt!

6. THE MELTING POT

This little drama pictures the dilemma in which a large family newly arrived from Germany finds itself as it seeks to settle down. There are Papa and Mama Katzendorfer, and six little Katzendorfers of various sizes, not counting Adolf, the dachshund. Many are the possible situations. A serial stunt, depicting the Katzendorfers in the various new situations could easily be concocted, giving one each evening for a week. There are enough in the family to form a typical German band capable of producing a variety of music all its own.

We will first provide them with a home, however, and then you may do with them what you will. The scene opens with the Katzendorfers appearing one by one around the corner of a street in New York.

Papa K.: Ach, Kimmel, Mama, we haf valked our feedz off, und shtill ve cannot find a blace to schleep. Blendy off blaces for you unt me, bud nobody wants to take de kits. Ids bedder we should haf left dem in Chormany mit Grandmama, oder trow dem oferbord on de ship vat ve came ofer on. In dis United States day dond haf kids, id looks like."

They all line up facing the audience, their different heights forming a pair of steps. Mama is the tallest,

Papa is the fattest, then come Fritz, Hans, Lena, Heinie, and little Augustine is the smallest at the far end.

Augustine: (commencing to howl) Yah! wow! Ich wants go home!

Mama K.: Gussie, be quiet vunce!

Augustine: (in full voice by now) BOOHOO, HOO!

Mama K.: (thumping Papa on the solar plexus) Papa! Pass it a schlap down to Gussie!

Papa thereupon slaps Fritz soundly, Fritz slaps Hans, Hans slaps Lena, Lena slaps Heinie, and Heinie slaps Augustine, who thereupon ceases squalling.

Enter a policeman. He walks up to Papa.

Policeman: See here, you'll have to quit blocking the traffic. What's all this crowd here for, anyway.

Papa D.: Dot ain't no crowdt. Dat's Fritz und Hans und Lena und Heinie und leedle Augustine. Dot's mein fambly.

Policeman: Well, well, well. I didn't know there were any families that size outside the circus. Well, you'll have to go home; you can't stay here and block traffic all day.

Papa K.: Dot's just it! Ve cand find no home. Efery blace ve go dey say "ve vill let you und your vife lif here, but you'll haf to

leaf de kids somewhere else. But vat can I do -
drownd'em?

Policeman: (laughing) No, you can't clutter up the way
that way. Let me see (he produces a paper and
scans it). No, not a one - yes, here's a place.
Six rooms and bath, on the 86th floor, for nice
refined family. Three hundred dollars.

Papa K.: Ach! Three hundred dollars!

Augustine:(commencing to cry) Yah! Wow!

Mama K! Gussie! Shuddup now!

Papa K.: Vell, ve haf to take it - ve got to haf a home.
Come on, mama.

(Policeman moves so that he is standing between Papa K.
and Fritz.)

Augustine:Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o-----

Mama K.: (thumpin Papa) Papa! Pass it on to Gussie!

Papa proceeds to do so, and slaps the policeman, knocking
him down. Seeing what has happened, they all run off the
stage, chased by the policeman.

Scene II.

Entrance to apartment house. At the Foot of the
gate post is a sign reading "No dogs allowed".

Enter entire Katzendorfer family, one by one.

Papa K.: Look, Mama, dot's id! Now ve vill haf a
goot home for Fritz und Hans und Lena und
Heinie und Augustine.

He rings the bell and Janitor appears.

Janitor: Well, what do you want?

Papa K.: We want to rent a home.

Janitor: Well, can't you read the sign?

Papa K.: Vat sign?

Janitor: That sign there. (He points to sign at the
foot of the post.)

Papa K.: (Getting down on hands and knees and reading
laboriously) No dogs allowed! Vell, vat you
put dot sign vay down dere for?

Janitor: Well, we used to have it up here at the top,
but the dogs couldn't read it.

Papa K.: Fritz! Hans! Take Adolf down to de sausage
factory und sell him.

Children all begin to cry. Mama slaps Papa and the blow
is transferred down the line, each one stopping as he is
struck. They then go off sorrowfully, dragging Adolf.

Janitor; Say, how would you like to see a fine big
apartment with steam heat, a piano, ^{and} radio,
all for fifteen dollars a month!

Papa K.: Fine!

Janitor: So would I.

Papa K.: But ve haf to have a blace to schleep!

Janitor: Well, you can't do it here, not with that family.

Papa K.: But de advertisement read "for nice refined family, und -

Janitor: Yes, but that means an American family. An American family consists of not over three children, and look at that young army!

He points to the children who file solemnly in, each chewing a "weenie".

Papa K.: But vat can I do?

Janitor: I don't care what you do - you can't go in here with any more than three children, and that's final.

Papa K. stands a moment in thought. Then he calls, "Mama come here." And he talks in an undertone to her. She nods negatively at first, and finally positively. Papa calls, "Hans! Fritz! Come mit Papa," and leads them off stage, while the other children cluster around Mama.

Two shots are heard off stage, and Papa K. comes back on, a smoking revolver in his hand. He puts it in his pocket, picks up his bags and they all enter the apartment house gate and vanish from sight.

Aggentry

PAGEANTRY.

The last few years have witnessed a revival of interest throughout the country in this form of the Drama, not only on the part of the Church, but also in the commercial theatre. Many churches make extensive use of the art of pageantry to interpret the spirit of the great religious festivals. Pageantry has a distinct appeal for young people, and the Church should give considerable attention to the development of the Pageant among the other details of its program for young people.

It is not possible to go into detail here regarding the particular features of Pageantry by and for young people. Considerable space is given in the bibliography beginning on page 129 to sources of information which may be consulted by the prospective student in this field. As a practical example of the type of material which is relatively simple to prepare for presentation, and yet loses none of its dramatic appeal because of its simplicity, I am presenting the outline of a complete pageant, an adaptation of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's well known story of "The Other Wise Man".

In making use of this pageant and of others of a similar kind, painstaking care should be exercised in the assembly of the necessary properties, in the creation of a beautiful setting, and in the provision of adequate and complete costumes. These are as important in a pageant as are the music and the training of the cast.

THE OTHER WISE MAN.

Adapted for use as a Pageant from the story by
Henry Van Dyke.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ARTABAN, the Other Wise Man

A HEBREW

MARY

THE CHILD

THREE WISE MEN

THREE SHEPHERDS

A ROMAN ARMY CAPTAIN

ROMAN SOLDIERS

A HEBREW MOTHER

A SLAVE GIRL

This Pageant was presented in the form here outlined on Sunday evening, December 23, 1928, at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Berkeley California.

A huge frame was constructed, the border covered with gilt and the center screened with black tarlton. Curtains on pulleys were fitted so as to hide the scene from view until it was desired to exhibit it. The frame was mounted in the center of the pulpit, and the surrounding space

appropriately decorated.

The Reader, dressed in a simple oriental costume, took her place at the left of the frame, on a special dias. The instrumental soloist took his place at the specified time in a position opposite that of the reader. The Pageant required forty-five minutes for presentation.

THE OTHER WISE MAN.

You know the story of the three Wise Men of the East, and how they travelled from far away to offer their gifts at the manger-cradle in Bethlehem.

MUSIC: "We Three Kings Of Orient Are"
(First four lines of first verse)

But have you ever heard the story of the other Wise Man, who also saw the star in its rising, and set out to follow it, yet did not arrive with his brethren in the presence of the young child Jesus? Of the great desire of this fourth pilgrim, and how it was denied yet accomplished in the denial; of his many wanderings, and the probations of his soul; of the long way of his seeking, and the strange way of his finding the One whom he sought ---
I would tell the tale as I have heard the fragments of it in the Palace of the Heart of Man.

MUSIC: Christmas Carol, "Come All Ye Children"

In the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, there lived in the city of Ecbatana among the mountains of Persia, a certain man named Artaban.

Around the dwelling of Artaban spread a fair garden, and high above the trees a dim glow of light shone through the curtained arches of the upper chamber, where the master of the house was holding council with his friends.

Artaban was a tall, dark man of about forty years -- one of those who, in whatever age they may live, are born for inward conflict and a life of quest.

"You have come tonight", said he, looking around the circle of faces, "at my call, as the faithful scholars of Zoroaster, to renew your worship and to rekindle your faith in the God of Purity, even as this fire has been rekindled on the altar. We worship not the fire, but Him of whom it is the chosen symbol, because it is the purest of all created things. It speaks to us of one who is Light and Truth.

"In the years that are lost in the past, long before our fathers came into the land of Babylon, there were wise men in Chaldea from whom the first of the Magi learned the secret of the heavens. From these forebears it has been shown to me and my three companions among the Magi -- Caspar. Melchoir and Balthasar. We have searched the ancient tablets of Chaldea and have computed the time. It falls in this year. We have studied the sky, and have watched two of the greatest planets draw near together. This night is their conjunction. My three brethren are watching by the ancient temple of the Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in

Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines again, they will wait ten days for me at the temple, and then we will set out together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one who shall be born King of Israel. I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my possessions, and bought these jewels -- a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl -- to carry them as a tribute to the King. And I ask you to go with me on the pilgrimage, that we may have joy together in finding the prince who is worthy to be served."

Artaban's friends looked on with strange and alien eyes. A veil of doubt and mistrust came over their faces, and there was not one of them who would go. So, one by one they left his house.

Artaban gathered up the jewels and replaced them in his girdle. Then he crossed the hall, lifted the heavy curtain, and passed out between the pillars to the terrace on the roof.

A tiny star, perfect in every part, pulsated in the enormous vault of the heavens, as if the three jewels in the Magi's girdle had mingled and been transformed into a living heart of light.

Artaban dismounted. The dim starlight revealed the form of a man lying across the road.

MUSIC: (very softly while voice is speaking)

Melody from Cavalleria Rusticana Intermezzo

His humble dress and the outline of his haggard face showed that he was probably a Hebrew. His pallid skin, dry and yellow as parchment, bore the mark of a deadly fever. The chill of death was in his lean hand, and as Artaban released it, the arm fell back inertly upon the motionless breast. Artaban's heart leaped to his throat, not with fear, but with dumb resentment at the importunity of this delay. How could he stay here in the darkness to minister to a dying stranger? What claim had this unknown fragment of human life upon his compassion or his service? If he lingered but for an hour he could hardly reach Borsippa at the appointed time. His companions would think he had given up the quest. They would go without him.

But if he went on now, the man would surely die. If he stayed life might be restored. Should he risk the great reward of his faith for the sake of a single deed of charity? Should he turn aside from the following of the star, to give a cup of cold water to a poor perishing Hebrew?

FIRST TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban gazing at the star.

Music: "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear".
(Softly, as a background)

Voice: "It is the sign," he said, "the king is coming,
and I will go to meet him."

All night long, Vasda, the swiftest of Artaban's horses, had been waiting, saddled and bridled. Before the birds had been fully aroused, the other Wise Man was in the saddle, riding swiftly westward along the high-road. Throughout the day he road, and on into the darkness. Vasda was almost spent, and Artaban would gladly have turned into the city to find rest and refreshment for himself and for her. But he knew that it was three hours' journey yet to the temple of the Seven Spheres, and he must reach the place by midnight if he would find his comrades waiting. So he did not halt, but rode steadily across the fields. As she passed into the shadow of a village, Vasda felt her steps before her delicately, carrying her head low, and sighing now and then as if with apprehension. Suddenly she gave a quick snort of anxiety and dismay, and stood stock-still, quivering in every muscle, before a dark object in the shadow of a palm tree.

SECOND TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban and the dying stranger.

Music: My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Voice: "God of truth and purity," he prayed, "direct me in the holy path, the way of wisdom which Thou only knowest."

Then he turned back to the sick man. Hour after hour he labored as only a skilled healer of disease can do. At last the man's strength returned, and Artaban could set out once more. It was already long past midnight. Mounting hurriedly, he rode in haste.

The first beam of the rising sun sent a long shadow before Vasda as she entered upon the final stretch of the journey, and Artaban, anxiously scanning the great mound of Nimrod and the Temple of the Seven Spheres, could discern no trace of his friends. Riding swiftly around the hill, he dismounted. At the edge of the terrace he saw a little cairn of broken rocks, and under them a piece of papyrus. He caught it up and read:

"We have waited past midnight, and can delay no longer. We go to find the king. Follow us across the desert."

THIRD TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban, in despair.

Music: O God Our Help in Ages Past

Voice: "How can I cross the desert," he said, "with no food and with a spent horse? I must return to Babylon, sell my sapphire, and buy a train of camels, and provision for the journey. I may never overtake my friends. Only God the Merciful knows whether I shall lose the sight of the King because I tarried to show mercy."

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem. But Artaban, the other Wise Man, was not in their midst.

And lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over against the place where the young child lay. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the place, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother. And they fell down, and worshipped him.

FOURTH TABLEAU

Scene: The adoration of the child.

Music: O Come All Ye Faithful (by Cast and Choir)

Voice: "And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

It was the third day after the Wise Men had come to Bethlehem and had found Mary and Joseph, with the young child Jesus, and had laid their gifts at his feet. Then the other Wise Man drew near, weary, but full of hope, and bearing his ruby and his pearl to the King. "For now, at last," he said, "I shall surely find him, though I be alone, and later than my brethren. I must inquire about their visit, and to what house the star directed them, and to whom they presented their tribute."

The streets of the village seemed to be deserted. From the door of a cottage he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly. He entered and found a young mother hushing her baby to rest. She told him of the strangers from the far East, and he asked eagerly for news concerning their whereabouts.

"They disappeared as suddenly as they had come", said the woman. "We were afraid at the strangeness of their visit. The man of Nazareth took the child and his mother, and fled away that night secretly, and it was whispered they were going down to Egypt. Ever since, there has been a spell upon the village; something evil seems to hang over it. They say that the Roman soldiers are coming from Jerusalem to force a new tax from us, and the men have driven the flocks and herds far back among the hills, and hidden themselves to escape it."

Artaban listened to her gentle, timid speech, and the child in her arms looked up in his face and smiled. It seemed a greeting of love and trust to one who had journeyed long in loneliness and perplexity, following a light that was veiled in clouds.

"Why might not this child have been the promised Prince?" he asked within himself, as he touched its soft cheek. "The one whom I seek has gone before me, and now I must follow the King to Egypt."

The young mother laid the baby in its cradle, and rose to minister to the wants of the strange guest that fate had brought into her house. Artaban accepted her hospitality gratefully, and as he ate, the child fell into a happy slumber, and murmured sweetly in its dreams, and a great peace filled the room. (Pause)

But suddenly there came the noise of a great confusion in the streets of the village, a shrieking and wailing of women's voices, a clangor of trumpets, and a clashing of swords. A desperate cry arose above the tumult, "The soldiers - the soldiers of Herod -- they are killing our children."

The young mother's face grew white with terror. Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the house. The soldiers came hurrying down the street with bloody hands and dripping swords. At the sight of the stranger in his imposing dress, they hesitated in surprise. The captain of the band approached the threshold to thrust him aside. But Artaban did not stir. He held the soldier silently for an instant, and then said in a low voice, "I am alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

The captain was amazed at the splendor of the gem. He stretched out his hand and took the ruby.

FIFTH TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban and the soldiers.

Music: The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Voice: "March on," cried the captain to his men. "There is no child here. The house is empty."

Artaban reentered the cottage. Falling upon his knees, he turned his face to the East and prayed:

"O God of truth, forgive my sin. I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?"

But the voice of the woman, weeping for joy in the shadow behind him, pronounced a benediction.

SIXTH TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban in prayer; the woman pronouncing benediction.

Music: Swan - Saint Saens (Cello Solo)

Voice: "Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen"

Thirty and three years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he was still a pilgrim and a seeker after light. Worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the

King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem. It was the season of the Passover. The city was thronged with strangers. On this day a singular agitation was visible to the multitude. Currents of excitement seemed to flash through the crowd. Artaban joined the group of people from his own country, and inquired of them the cause of the tumult, and where they were going.

"We are going," they answered, "to the place called Golgotha, outside the city walls, where there is to be an execution. Have you not heard what has happened? Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love him greatly.

But the Priests and Elders have said that he must die, because he gave himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate sent him to the cross because he said he was the "King of the Jews!"

How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban. They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. And now they came to him mysteriously, like a message of despair. The King had arisen, but he had been denied and cast out. He was about to perish. Perhaps he was already dying. Could it be the same who had been born in Bethlehem thirty-three years before, at whose birth

the star had appeared in the heavens, and of whose coming the prophets had spoken? Artaban's heart beat unsteadily, but he said within himself: "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of men, and it may be that I shall find the King at last, in the hands of his enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for his ransom before he dies."

So the old man followed the multitude with slow and painful steps toward the Damascus gate of the city. Just beyond the entrance of the guard-house, a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress, and dishevelled hair. As the Magian paused to look at her with compassion, she broke suddenly from the hands of her tormentors, and fell at Artaban's feet.

"Have pity on me," she cried, "and save me, for the sake of the God of Purity. My father was a merchant of Parthis, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts, to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death."

"Artaban trembled. It was the old conflict in his soul, which had come to him of old in the street of Babylon, and the cottage at Bethlehem -- the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn to the service of humanity. This was the

third trial, the final and irrevocable choice.

Was it his great opportunity, or his final temptation? He could not tell. One thing only was sure to his devoted heart --- to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And was not love the light of the soul? He took the pearl from his bosom. Never had it seemed so luminous, so radiant, so full of tender, living lustre. He laid it in the hand of the slave.

SEVENTH TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban, the slave girl, and the Macedonian soldiers.

Music: Schubert's "Ave Maria" (Cello solo)

Voice: "This is thy ransom, daughter -- it is the last of my treasure which I kept for the King. And may the God whom we serve grant to us his blessing."

While he spoke, the darkness of the sky deepened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth. The walls of the houses shook, and stones were loosened and crashed down into the street. The soldiers fled in terror, but Artaban and the girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall which loomed above them. What had he to fear? What had he to hope? He had given away the last remnant of his tribute for the King. The quest was over, and it had failed. But, even in that thought, there was peace. He knew that all was

well, for he had done the very best that he could from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given to him. He had looked for more, and if he had not found it, if a failure was all that had come out of his life, doubtless that was the best that was possible. He had not seen the revelation of "life's everlasting, incorruptible and immortal, but he knew that even if he could live his earthly life over again, it could not be otherwise than it had been.

One more lingering pulsation of the earthquake quivered through the ground. A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, with his gray head resting on the young girl's shoulder. As she bent over him, fearing that he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from a distance. The girl turned to see if someone had spoken from the window, but she saw no one. Then the old man's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say in the Parthian tongue:

EIGHTH TABLEAU

Scene: Artaban and the girl at the foot of the wall.

Music: Sanctus from Gounod's Holy City -(Tenor Solo)

Voice: "Not so, my Lord.-- For when saw I thee an
hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee

drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee
 in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee
 sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? Three
 and thirty years have I looked for thee but I
 have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee,
 my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again. And again
 the maid heard it, very faint and far away. But now it
 seemed as though she understood the words:

NINTH TABLEAU

Scene: Christ (slide)

Music: O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

Voice: Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it
 unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast
 done it unto me.

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and addresses of publishers.

Songs

for
YOUNG PEOPLE

The collection of songs that follows is one which the writer has collected from many sources over a period of years, particularly for use with Young People at gatherings of every nature. As stated in the introduction, he has found it of great assistance to transfer them to slides and project them on a wall or sheet. This eliminates the confusion of "song sheets", and moreover renders the singing much easier to direct, since the eyes of all can take in the screen and the leader simultaneously. The position - head erect, throat uncramped - is far more likely to produce a satisfactory tone and volume when the words are read from a slightly elevated screen than if they are read from a printed sheet held somewhere in the region of the lap.

The bibliography contains source material references which will yield additional songs, if desired. Probably the best of these is "Paradology", by E. O. Harbin, a well known recreational leader, (Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. 1927; 75¢). Care should be exercised in the use of some of the material he offers, however. In the ~~author's~~ opinion of the writer, a number of them are more crude than humorous. Also, lacking a tune in some instances, Mr. Harbin has adapted hymn tunes to humorous verses, a practice which the writer sincerely deprecates. It is oftentimes as difficult to un-learn words as it is to learn them.

The appeal of these songs is not to Young People alone, but have been collected with their particular approval as a criterion.

Inspirational
Songs.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

To the knights in the days of old,
 Keeping watch on the mountain heights
 Came a vision of Holy Grail
 And a voice through the waiting night
 Follow, follow,
 Follow the gleam,
 Banners unfurled,
 O'er all the world,
 Follow, follow,
 Follow the gleam,
 Of the Chalice that is the Grail.

And we who would serve the King,
 And loyally Him obey,
 In the consecrate silence know,
 That the challenge still holds today.
 Follow, follow,
 Follow the gleam,
 Standards of worth,
 O'er all the earth,
 Follow, follow,
 Follow the gleam
 Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Follow the Gleam". The score is written on four staves. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "the knights in the days of old, Keeping watch on the moon-fair heights. Came a vision of Holy Grail. And a voice thru the wait-ing Night Fol-low. Fol-low. Fol-low the gleam Ban-ners un-furled on all the World fol-low Fol-low. Fol-low the gleam of the Chal-ice that is the grail."

the knights in the days of old Keeping watch on the moon-fair heights

Came a vision of Holy Grail And a voice thru the wait-ing Night Fol-low

Fol-low Fol-low the gleam Ban-ners un-furled on all the World fol-low Fol-low

Fol-low the gleam of the Chal-ice that is the grail



FOLLOW THE TRAIL

Follow the trail to the open air,
Alone with the hills and sky,
A pack on your back, but never a care,
Letting the days slip by.

Healing fragrance of pines in the dark,
Glow from a camper's fire,
Starlight and shadow and music of waves,
While the gray smoke curls higher.

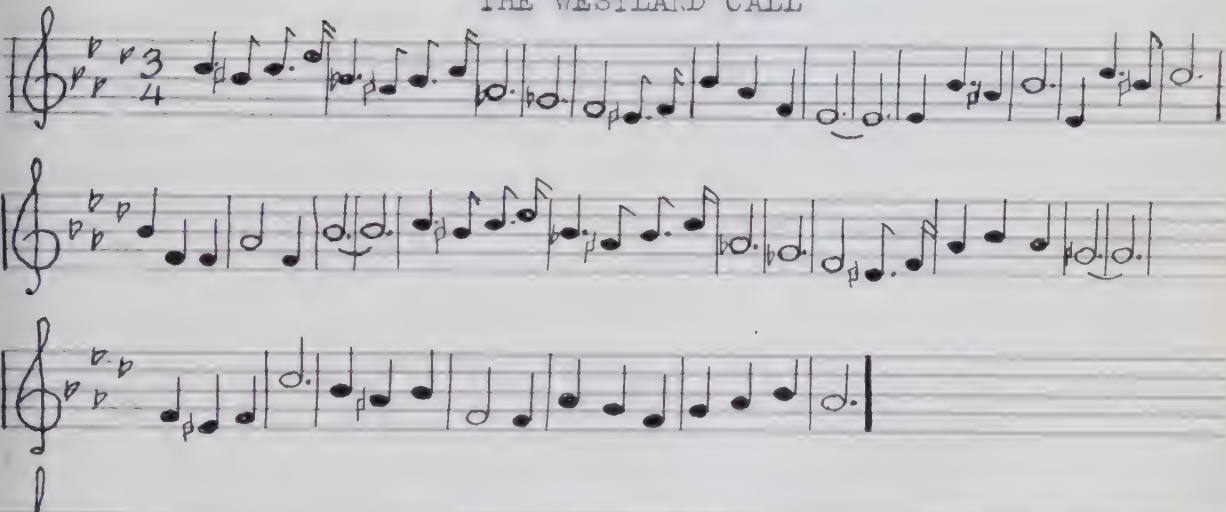
Follow the trail to the open air,
Letting the days slip by,
A smile on your lips, a song in your heart,
One with the hills and sky.



THE WESTLAND CALL

Once again I hear the Westland calling,
Calling for hearts tried and true.
Men who will dare, men who will do,
Men who stand firm and true.
And from every valley comes the answer,
We'll follow Manhood's bright trail,
We'll do our best,
We'll stand the test,
Old Westland, we're cheering for you.

THE WESTLAND CALL



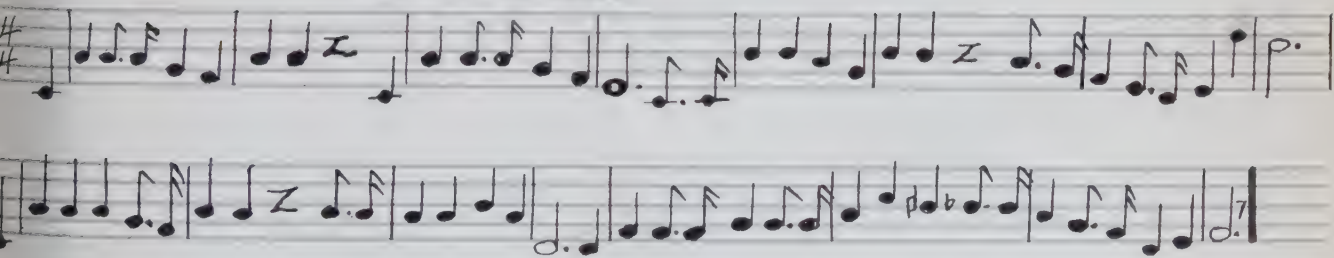


BOY SCOUT HYMN

Oh, we are the ——— (Boy Scout) builders,
 Out West where the sunsets glow;
 Where the brooks flow down like silver
 From the heights of the virgin snow.
 We build our trails through the valleys,
 Where the heart beats light and free,
 Out there in the West from the pine-clad crest
 To the shores of the rolling sea.

Our light is the light of virtue,
 Our strength is the strength of youth;
 Our trails are trails of honor,
 For we build with the stones of truth.
 Our Course is straight as the arrow,
 With a faith that's firm and true,
 We follow the star; it is our guide
 On the trail that is ever new.

BOY SCOUT HYMN



HYMNS

One is thrown pretty much on one's own judgment in determining just what use shall be made of hymns at Young People's social meetings. Some would count the occasion fruitless unless a definite religious note were introduced.

My own feeling is that more can be accomplished in an indirect way by creating an atmosphere of Christian fellowship in which to project the whole party, rather than by the indication of a partition, on one side of which lies amusement and fun, and on the other side, entirely dissociated, stands formal prayer and hymn-singing.

Nevertheless, there are many occasions when the singing of a hymn touches an invisible chord and meets with a mystic response which words fail to express. Such an occasion must be sensed by the experienced leader, and ministered to. For that reason, a number of hymns are included in this material. They should under no circumstances be used indiscriminately and "mixed in" with songs in lighter vein.

A very excellent compilation of hymns which are especially suited for use at Young People's gatherings is contained in SERVICES FOR THE OPEN, arranged by Laura I. Mattoon and Helen D. Bragdon. (Century Co., N.Y. 1924)

The Son of God goes forth for Peace,
Our Father's love to show;
From war and woe He brings release,
O, who with Him will go?
He strikes the fetters from the slaves,
Man's mind and heart makes free;
And sends His messengers to save,
O'er every land and sea.

We send our love to every land,
True neighbors we would be!
And pray God's peace to reign with them,
Wheree'er their homeland be!
O God, to us may grace be given,
Who bear the dear Christ's name,
To live at peace with every man,
And thus our Christ acclaim.

O MASTER WORKMAN OF THE RACE

(Tune: Materna - "America the Beautiful")

O Master workman of the race, thou Man of Galilee,
Who with the eyes of earthly youth eternal things did see;
We thank thee for thy boyhood faith
That shone thy whole life through;
"Did ye not know it was my work my Father's work to do?"

O Carpenter of Nazareth, Builder of life divine,
Who shapest man to God's own law, Thyself the fair design.
Build us a tower of Christ-like height,
That we the land may view,
And see, like thee, our noblest work, our Father's work to do

O Thou who didst the vision send, and give to each his task,
And with the task sufficient strength,
Show us thy will, we ask;
Give us a conscience bold and good; give us a purpose true,
That it may be our highest joy, our Father's work to do.

(Tune: St. Catherine)

Faith of our Mothers! living still
 In all that's beautiful and brave;
 How nobly will we work God's will,
 And seek from sin our souls to save.
 Faith of our Mothers! living faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers! living still
 In hearts of hope, and songs of praise;
 We gladly join with one accord
 To sing to God our sweetest lays.
 Faith of our Mothers! constant faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers! living still
 In love and life that ne'er shall die;
 Our children's children ever dear
 Shall hold the faith that brings God nigh.
 Faith of our Mothers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

I WOULD BE TRUE

(Tune: Peek)

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all - the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving, and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness,
 I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift;
 I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL HYMN

(Tune: Duke Street)

O God, above the drifting years,
 The shrines our fathers founded stand,
 And where the higher gain appears,
 We trace the working of thy hand.

Out of their tireless prayer and toil
 Emerge the gifts that time has proved,
 And seed laid deep in sacred soil
 Yields harvests rich in lasting good.

The torch to their devotion lent,
 Lightens the dark that round us lies;
 Help us to pass it on unspent,
 Until the dawn lights up the skies.

Fill Thou our hearts with faith like theirs,
 Who served the days they could not see,
 And give us grace through ampler years,
 To build the Kingdom yet to be.

— John Wright Buckham

CALIFORNIA, GOLDEN SANDALED

(Tune: Autumn)

California, golden sandaled,
 Decked in robes of living green,
 Flashing gems are in her girdle,
 On her brow a snowy sheen;
 Throned upon her hills of beauty,
 Flowers and fields before her strown,
 Waves her hand in wide dominion,
 Isles and oceans are her own.

Speed the day of her redemption,
 Haste, brave heralds of the truth,
 Tell ye out life's gracious story,
 Hallow now her radiant youth;
 Hail the joy of her salvation,
 Reapers, bring ye in the sheaves,
 Sing of faith in love triumphant,
 O'er a realm that Christ receives.

— Joseph Augustine Benton

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 Lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 Lov'd the garish day; and spite of fears,
 Steadfast rul'd my will: remember not past years.

Long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!

Come, Holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help, of the helpless, O abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r.
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.
 Christ the royal master, leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle, see His banners go.

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
 trod,
 We are not divided, all one body we,
 One in hope in doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
 Blend with our voices in the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King!
 This through countless ages, men and angels sing.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in filial love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes without within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Day is dy-ing in the west;
 Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light
 Through all the sky.

Chorus

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
 Lord God of Hosts!
 Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;
 Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee,
 O Lord, Most High!

Lord of life, be-neath the dome,
 Of the u-ni-verse Thy home,
 Gather us, who seek Thy face,
 To the fold of Thy em-brace,
 For thou art nigh.
 While the deep'ning shad-ows fall,
 Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all,
 Thro' the glo-ry and the grace,
 Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Our hearts as-cend.

Old Time
Favorites..

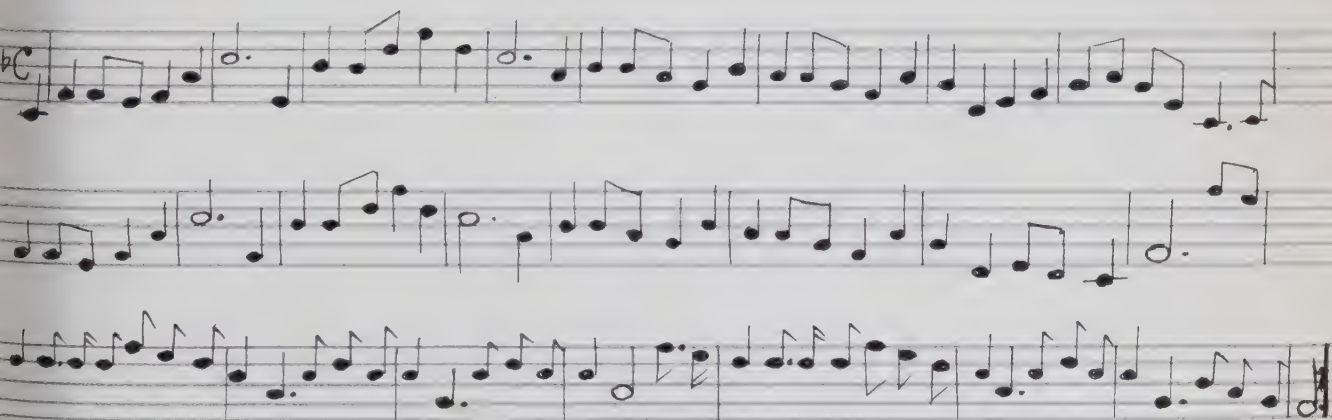
RED WING

There once was an Indian maid,
A fair little prairie maid,
Who sang a lay, a love song gay,
As on the plains she whiled away the day.
She loved a warrior bold,
This fair little maid of old,
But brave and gay he went one day,
To battle far away.

CHORUS: And the moon shines bright on little Red Wing
The breezes sighing, the night birds crying,
The soft evening sky its vigil keeping,
O'er Red Wing weeping,
Her heart away.

She watched for him day and night,
She cared for the camp-fire bright
And under the sky each night she would lie,
And dream about his coming bye and bye,
But when all the braves returned,
The heart of poor Red Wing yearned,
For far away, her lover gay,
Fell bravely in the fray.

RED WING



CAPTAIN JINKS

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 I feed my horse on corn and beans,
 And sport young ladies in their teens,
 For I'm Captain in the army!
 I teach young ladies how to dance,
 How to dance, how to dance,
 I teach young ladies how to dance,
 For I'm the pet of the army!

I'M Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 I feed my horse on corn and beans,
 And always live beyond my means,
 For I'm Captain in the army!

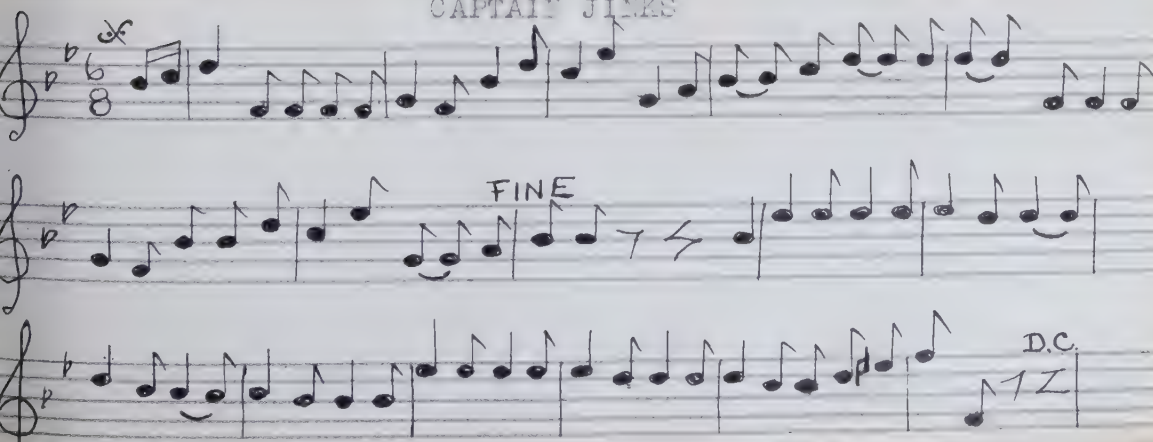
I joined my corps when twenty-one,
 Of course, I thought it capital fun,
 When the enemy came, of course I run!
 For I'm not cut out for the army.
 When I left home, Mama she cried,
 Mama she cried, Mama she cried,
 When I left home, Mama she cried,
 He's not cut out for the army!

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 I feed my horse on corn and beans,
 And always live beyond my means,
 For I'm Captain in the army.

The first time I went out to drill,
 The sound of the bugle made me ill,
 The mere thought of a war gives me a chill,
 For I'm not cut out for the army!
 The officers, they all did shout,
 They all did shout, they all did shout.
 The officers, they all did shout,
 "Why, kick him out of the army!"

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 I feed my horse on corn and beans,
 And always live beyond my means,
 For I'm Captain in the army!

CAPTAIN JINKS



MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

by Henry C. Work.

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the floor;
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 Though it weighed not a pennyweight more;
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
 And was always his treasure and pride;
 But it stopped - short - never to go again,
 When the old man died.

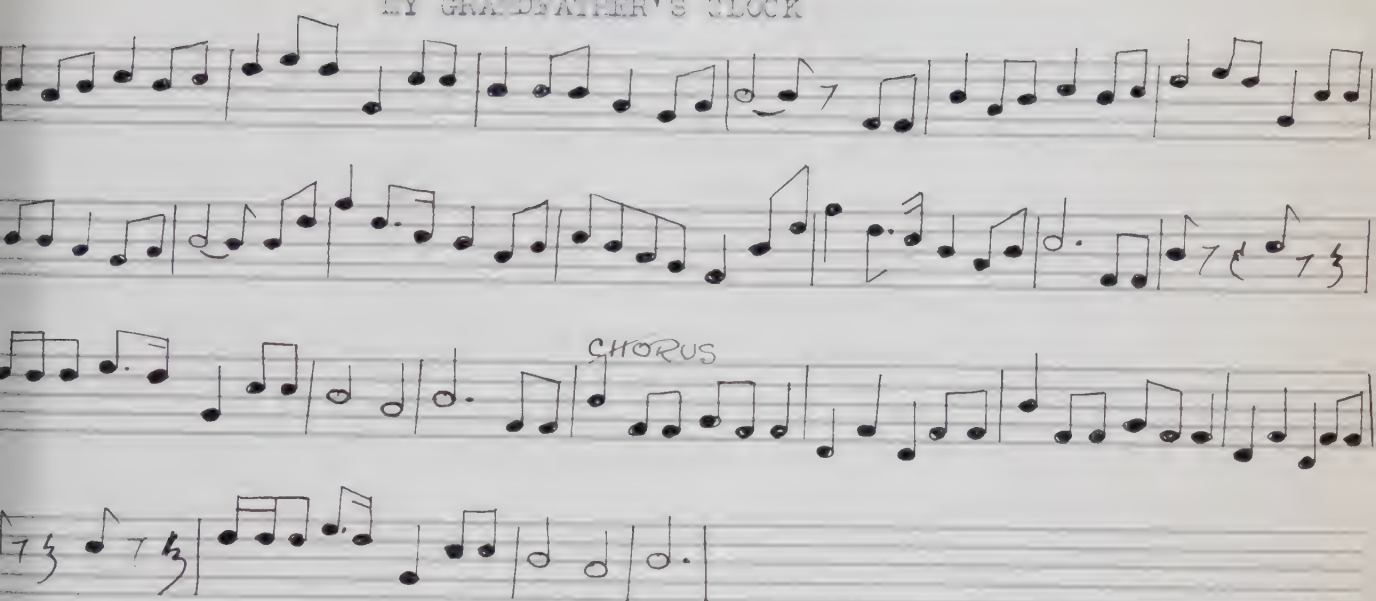
RUS: Ninety years without slumbering - tick, tock, tick, tock -
 His life seconds numbering - tick, tock, tick, tock -
 But it stopped - short - never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
 Many hours had he spent as a boy;
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
 And to share both his grief and his joy;
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
 With a blooming and beautiful bride;
 But it stopped - short - never to go again,
 When the old man died.

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire,
 Not a servant so faithful he found;
 For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
 At the close of each week to be wound;
 And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
 And its hands never hung by its side;
 But it stopped - short - never to go again,
 When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
 An alarm that for years had been dumb;
 And we knew that his spirit was planning for flight,
 That his hour of departure had come;
 Still the clock kept the time
 With a soft and muffled chime,
 As we silently stood by his side,
 But it stopped - short - never to go again,
 When the old man died.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK





The Bells of Saint Mary's at sweet eventide,
Shall call me, beloved to come to your side.
And out in the valley in sound of the sea,
I know you'll be waiting, yes, waiting for me.

CHORUS:

The bells of Saint Mary's
Ah, hear they are calling,
The young loves, the true loves,
Who come from the sea.
And so, my beloved,
When red leaves are falling,
The love-bells shall
Ring out, ring out,
For you and me.



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat, but quite in style,
Merry chaff, your time to wile,
Has little Annie Rooney;
Every evening, rain or shine,
I make a call 'twixt eight and nine
On her who shortly will be mine,-
Little Annie Rooney.

CHORUS:

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau.
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
Soon we'll marry, never again to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.



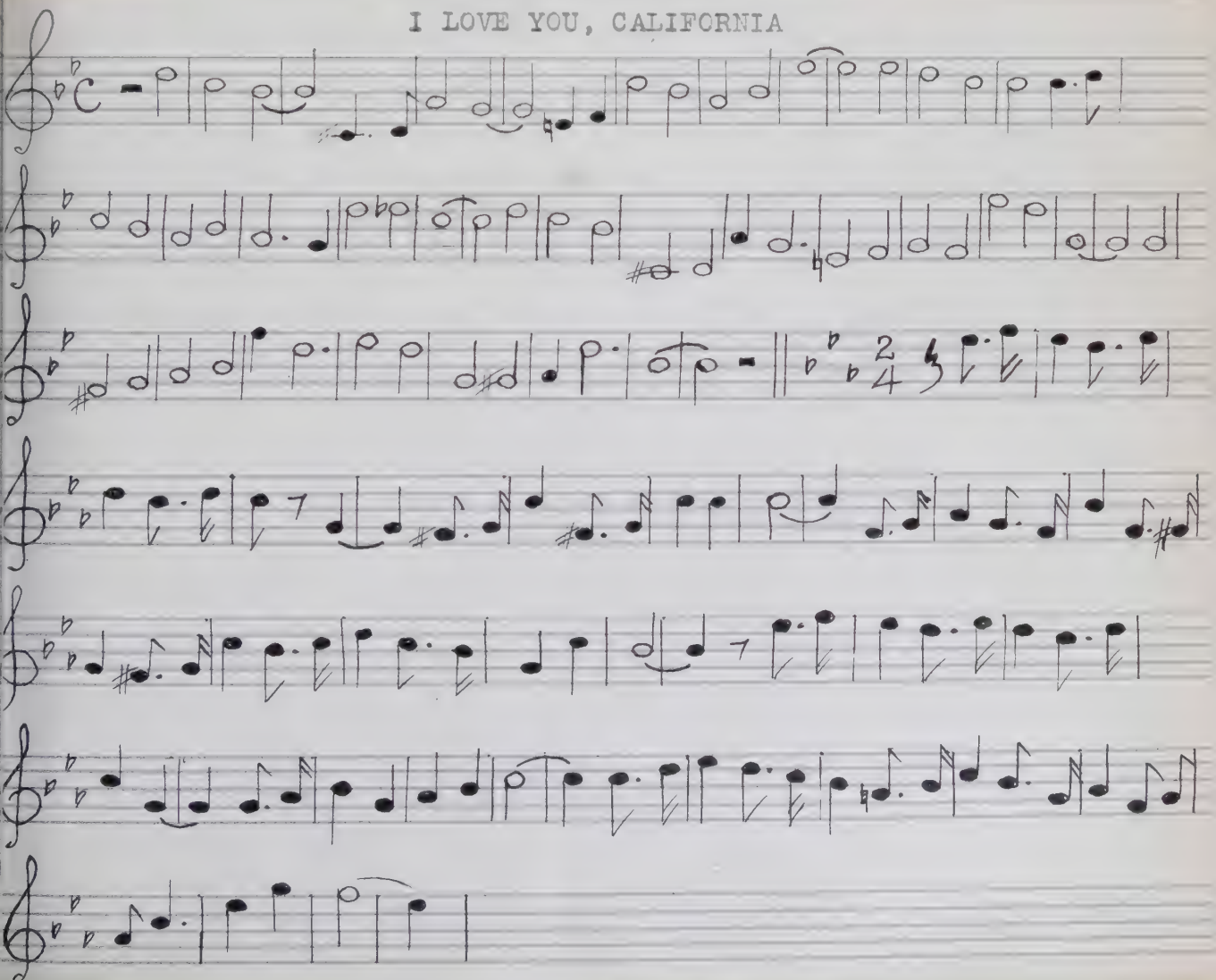
I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA

I love you, California,
 You're the greatest State of all,
 I love you, in the Winter,
 Summer, Spring, and in the Fall,
 I love your fertile valleys,
 Your dear mountains I adore,
 I love your grand old ocean,
 And I love her rugged shore.

CHORUS

Where the snow-crowned golden Sierras,
 Keep their watch o'er the valley's bloom,
 It is there I would be in that land by the sea,
 Every breeze bearing rich perfume,
 It is here nature gives of her rarest,
 It is Home, Sweet Home to me,
 And I know, when I die,
 I shall breathe my last sigh,
 For my sunny California!

I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA



WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
 To watch the scene below,
 The creek and the old, rusty mill, Maggie,
 Where we sat in the long, long, ago.
 The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
 Where first the daisies sprung,
 The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
 Since you and I were young.

CHORUS:

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
 The trials of life nearly done,
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
 When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
 Where the young, and the gay and the best,
 In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
 Have each found a place of rest,
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
 And join in the songs that were sung,
 For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
 When you and I were young.

JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR!

Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

DEAR! DEAR!

What can the matter be?

Oh! dear, what CAN the matter be,

Johnny's so long at the fair!

He promised to buy me a trinket to please me,

And they, for a smile Oh, he vowed he would tease me,

He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,

To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

DEAR ! DEAR !

What can the MATTER be?

Oh! dear! WHAT can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair!

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,

A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses,

A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,

That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

So its Oh! Dear! what etc.

OLD TIME FAVORITES.

Suggested additions which are available in any Public Library.

OH! SUSANNA.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

DARLING NELLIE GRAY.

ANNIE LAURIE.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

JUANITA.

LONG, LONG AGO.

SPANISH CAVALIER.

OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

OLD BLACK JOE.

LONG, LONG TRAIL.

PERFECT DAY.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Note references in Bibliography to WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY, and READ 'EM AND WEEP, both by Sigmund Spaeth, and both devoted to preserving the memory of the Old Time Favorites.

Camp Fire
Songs...

CAMPER'S GOODNIGHT SONG

(Tune: Santa Lucia)

Footsteps on distant trail,
 Campward are bending,
 Birch fire and bubbling stew,
 Rich odors sending.
 Here is our heart's desire,
 Rest when our feet shall tire,
 Open air and pal and food and fire,
 Joy never ending.

Campfires are burning low,
 No longer leaping,
 Clouds trail across the moon,
 Shadows come creeping
 All nature seeks its nest,
 "Goodnight, and may you rest,"
 Blanket warm and by soft sounds caressed,
 Campers are sleeping.

TAPS

Fading light
 Dims the sight
 And a star
 Gems the sky
 Gleaming bright
 From afar
 Drawing nigh
 Falls the night

Day is done
 Gone the sun
 From the lake
 From the hills
 From the sky
 All is well
 Safely rest
 God is nigh



ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

(Tune: Chorus of Ev'ry Little Movement)

Round the gleaming campfire, when the evening sun sinks low;
 Cheery songs and laughter ringing in the twilight's glow.
 Tales of risk and daring thrill us,
 Thoughts of life and beauty fill us,
 Round the evening campfire when the evening sun sinks low.

Round the glowing campfire, when the darkness closes round;
 Voices hushed and softened as we thrill at every sound.
 Tales of love and friendship told us;
 While night's blanket soft enfolds us,
 Round the glowing campfire when the darkness closes round.

Round the dying campfire when the embers feebly glow,
 Human voices silent, but the Infinite sings low.
 Whispering winds in pinetrees playing;
 Souls attuned in silence praying;
 Round the dying campfire when the embers feebly glow.

THE OPEN ROAD

One road leads to the mountains
 One road leads to the sea
 One road leads to the city
 But the open road for me.

There's a spell about the campfire
 And a lure of the camper's code
 That bids me take my packsack
 And follow the open road.

THE OPEN ROAD

ONE ROAD LEADS TO THE MOUNTAINS ONE ROAD LEADS TO THE SEA ONE ROAD LEADS TO THE

CITY BUT THE OPEN ROAD FOR ME THERES A SPELL ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE AND A LURE OF THE

CAMPERS CODE THAT BIDS ME TAKE MY PACK SACK AND FOLLOW THE OPEN ROAD

Rep
Songs..

AIREY, AIREY, EYEREY - O

Eighteen hundred and forty-one,
 That's the year my troubles begun,
 That's the year my troubles begun,
 A-working on the railroad.

CHORUS; Airey, airey, eyerey - O
 (after Airey, airey, eyerey - O
 each Airey, airey, eyerey - O
 verse) A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-two,
 Didn't know just what to do,
 Didn't know just what to do,
 So I worked upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-three,
 That's the year I crossed the sea,
 That's the year I crossed the sea,
 To work upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-four,
 St. Bess, the ship that brought me o'er,
 St. Bess, the ship that brought me o'er,
 To work upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-five,
 I'd rather be dead than be alive,
 I'd rather be dead than be alive,
 And work upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-six,
 Shouldered my shovel and picked up my picks,
 Shouldered my shovel and picked up my picks,
 To work upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-seven,
 That's the year I went to Heaven,
 That's the year I went to heaven,
 To work upon the railroad.

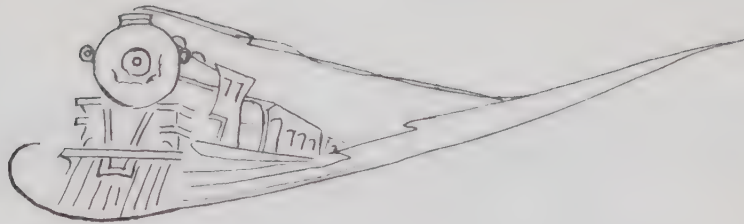
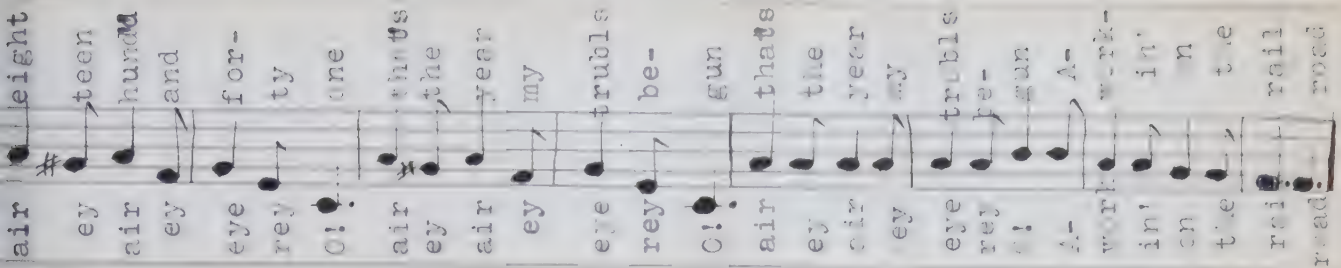
Eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
 St. Peter said I was too late,
 St. Peter said I was too late,
 To work upon the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine,
 The devil said I was in time,
 The devil said I was in time,
 To work upon the railroad.

AIREY, AIREY, EYEREY - O

(continued)

Eighteen hundred and fifty,
 From then until eternity,
 From then until eternity,
 I worked upon the railroad.



A SEA SCOUT CHANTEY

A ship is wood and metal,
Is metal, rigging and sail;
She's but an iron kettle
When hearts aboard of her fail

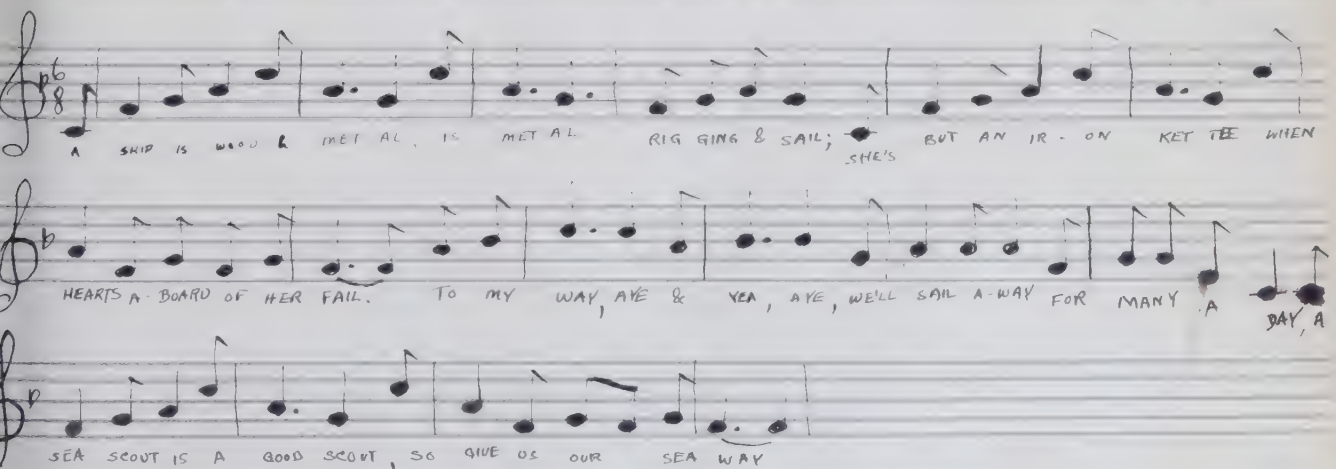
To my way, aye and yea, aye,
We're bound away for many a day.
A Sea Scout is a good Scout,
So give us our sea way, YEA!

The heart of ships is red blood,
Is red blood, never a doubt;
And wood and iron useless
Without the heart of a Scout.

To my way, aye and yea, aye,
We're bound away for many a day.
A Sea Scout is a good Scout,
So give us our sea way, RELAY!

Our ship is what we make her;
We make her, saucy and smart.
No blust'ring wind shall break her
While we are all of a heart.

To my way, aye, and yea, aye,
We're bound away for many a day
A Sea Scout is a good scout,
So give us our sea way, YEA! RELAY!



a
Ting - ling.

OH, Mr. ----- we ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 With all our hearts to you,
 We hope there'll be some thing-a-ling-a-ling,
 That we can do for you.
 In Autumn, Winter, Spring-a-ling-a-ling,
 And all the whole year through,
 We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling,
 And ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 And sing-a-ling-a-ling,
 For you!
 TING - A - LING

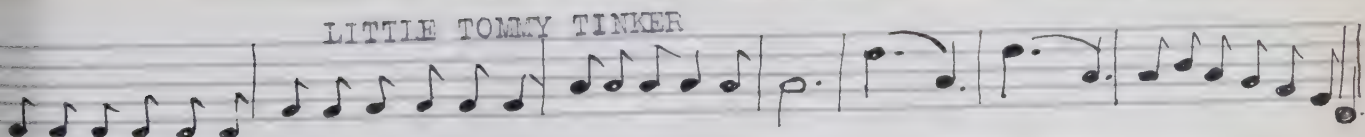


Note: Accentuate the "ling-a-ling" portions by rapping on glass- and china-ware with silverware.

LITTLE TOMMY TINKER

The favorite "round" song.

Little Tommy Tinker was
 Burned with a clinker, and
 He began to cry:
 "Ma - a, Ma - a!"
 Poor little innocent boy.



RESTAURANT

I go into a restaurant,
 And this is what I cry:
 "I want a cup of coffee,
Chicken sandwich, piece of pie."

Now you will surely hear me sing
 This song until I die,
 "I want a cup of coffee
Chicken Sandwich, piece of pie."

RESTAURANT



Note: Divide the crowd into three groups, each of which is assigned one of the articles called for. The leader can sing the verses as a solo, the groups supplying the edibles in order. Change the parts assigned to the groups and work-up competition in volume of sound.

From The Kit, No. 11. Page 43.

THIS FUNNY SONG

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic. Key: B)

Listen to this funny song I'm singing now for thee;
 I can't stand the way it tickles when it's bottled up in me.
 I have simply got to sing it,
 Or 'twill make a wreck of me --
 And this is how it goes:

CHORUS:

Da, de da de da de da, da,
 Da, de da de da de da, da,
 Da, de da de da da da, da,
 My ! ain't this music grand?

1. There were three jolly fishermen.
 1. & 2. There were three jolly fishermen.
 1. Fisher! Fisher!
 2. Men! Men! Men!
 1. Fisher! Fisher!
 2. Men! Men! Men!
 1. & 2. There were three jolly fishermen.

The first one's name was A-bra-ham (repeat)
 Abra! Abra! Ham, ham, ham! (repeat)
 The first one's name was A-bra-ham

The second one's name was I-I-saac (repeat)
 I ! I ! Zic, zic, zic! (repeat)
 The second one's name was I-I-saac.

The third one's name was Ja-a-cob (repeat)
 Ja! Ja! Cub, cub, cub! (repeat)
 The third one's name was Ja-a-cub.

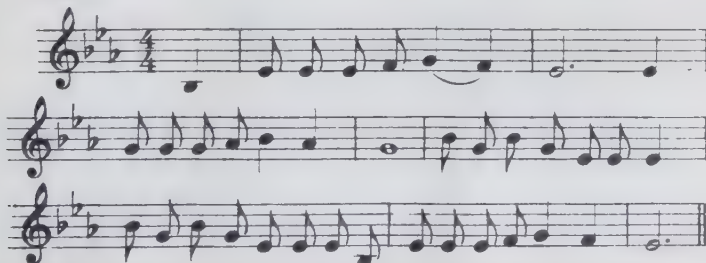
They all went up to Jericho (repeat)
 Jerry! Jerry! Ko, ko, ko! (repeat)
 They all went up to Jericho.

They should have gone to Amsterdam (repeat)
 Amster! Amster! Shuh, shuh, shuh! (repeat)
 They should have gone to Amster-shuh!

Note: The first verse is given in detail, and the other verses should be sung similarly. Divide the singers into two groups, 1 and 2. Group one will then sing the first line, as indicated. On the second line, group one will sing a third interval above group two, which is repeating group one's rendition of line one, thus harmonizing. Group one renders line three alone, shouting it at the top of their lungs. Group two does the same to line four. Lines five and six, ditto. Line seven is again harmonized by the two groups. The contrast between the pure harmony and ear-splitting shout ought to be complete.

7. There Were Three Jolly Fishermen

Tune:



Today is Monday, today is Monday,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday, today is Tuesday,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday, today is Wednesday,
 Wednesday soo-oop,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday, today is Thursday,
 Thursday r-r-roast beef,
 Wednesday soo-oop,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

Today is Friday, today is Friday,
 Friday fi-ish,
 Thursday r-r-roast beef,
 Wednesday soo-oop,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

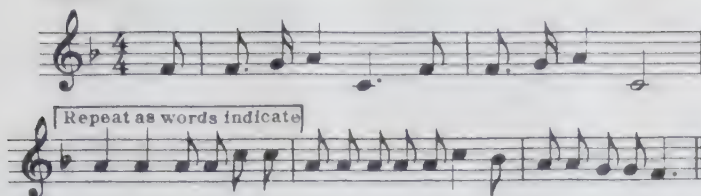
Today is Saturday, today is Saturday,
 Saturday pay-day,
 Friday fish,
 Thursday roast beef,
 Wednesday soup,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you.

-l-o-w-l-y-) To-day is Sun-day, to-day is Sunday,
 " Sun-day chu-rch,
 ble time !) Saturday pay day,
 Friday fish,
 Thursday roast beef,
 Wednesday soup,
 Tuesday string beans,
 Monday slum gum,
 All the rest of you rookies,
 We wish the same to you!

SLUM SONG
2. Today Is Monday

5

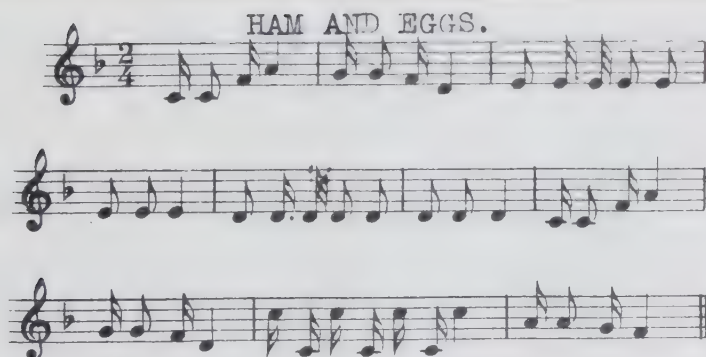
Tune:



HAM AND EGGS

(Tune: "Tammany")

Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
I like mine fried good and brown,
I like mine turned upside down,
Ham and eggs, ham and eggs,
Flop 'em, flip 'em,
Flip 'em, flop 'em,
Ham and eggs !



1. Tune: Smiles

There are crowds that make you grumpy
There are crowds that make you sad
There are crowds that fill your heart with longing,
Make you wish for home, and Ma and Dad.
There are crowds that give you a friendly feeling
Make you feel that's where you want to be,
That's the crowd that's gathered here this evening.
It's the kind of a crowd for me!

2. Tune, Leave me with a smile.

When it's time for meeting
And a friendly greeting
Start it with a smile!
What's the use of sighing
Send all gloom a-flying
Start it with a smile
And while we're together
Always fair the weather
Sunshine all the while
Every song we sing
Just makes the rafters ring
We start it with a smile!

Parodies

Libony

ROMEO AND JULIET

(Tune; Long, long ago.

g:

Come, now, and listen to my tale of woe
 Of Romeo, and Juliet;
 Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking with woe,
 Oh, Romeo and Juliet!
 Ne'er was a story so mournful as that one;
 If you have tears, now prepare to get at one,
 Romeo's the thin one, and Juliet's the fat one,
 Oh, Romeo and Juliet!

sing:

I am the hero of this littlentaletale,
 I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo!
 I am that highly susceptible male,
 I'm Romeo, Romeo!
 Ne'er did a lover dare do as I did,
 When his best girl to eternity slided,
 I took cold poison and I suicided!
 I'm Romeo, poor Romeo.

ing:

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
 I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet!
 I am the lady who vamped Romeo,
 I'm Juliet, Juliet!
 Locked in the prison, no pick-axe to force it;
 Nasty old hole, without room to stand or sit, (stan-dor-sit)
 I up and stabbed myself right through the corset;
 I'm Juliet, poor Juliet!

g:

This of our tale is the short and the long,
 Of Romeo, and Juliet.
 This is the moral of our little song,
 Of Romeo and Juliet.
 Lovers, we warn you, always be wary,
 Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary
 Don't stab yourself in the left pulmonary,
 Like Romeo and Juliet.

ROSIE O'GRADY PARODY

(Tune; Sweet Rosy O'Grady)

Sweet Rosy O'Grady,
 She was a blacksmith by birth.
 She got tired of living,
 Decided to get off the earth.
 So she swallowed a tapeline,
 But dying by inches was hard,
 So she went out in the alley,
 And lay down and died by the yard.

JINGLE BELLS PARODY

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

Shingle belles, Shingle belles,
 Shingle all your hair;
 Don't forget to wash your neck,
 Or else don't leave it bare.
 Shingle belles, shingle belles,
 Right up to the dome,
 Ain't it fun, the more you cut,
 The less you have to comb!

PEGGY O'NEIL PARODY

"Piggy O'Neil"

If she eats pie with her knife,
 That's Piggy O'Neil,
 Can't keep still to save her life,
 That's Piggy O'Neil,
 You should hear her inhaling her soup,
 She makes music like having the croup,
 And when she eats noodles,
 She plays Yankee Doodles,
 For that's Piggy O'Neil.

POOR GEORGIE

Or, Why the Crown Prince doesn't marry.

(Tune: America)

Queen Mary, so they say,
Has a dictating way
With old King George.
When Georgie has a date,
Mary sits up to wait,
And if he comes home late,
God save the King!

Note: If this song is put on a slide, have the last line put on a separate slide, and thrown on the screen just in time to be sung.

OUR COW

(Tune, Polly Wolly Doodle)

We've got a cow down on our farm,
Moo- oo - oo - oo - oo - oo.
And she gives milk without alarm,
MoO- oo - oo - oo - oo - oo.
One day she drank from a frozen stream,
Moo- oo - oo - oo - oo - oo.
And ever since then she gives ice-cream,
Moo - moo - moo - moo - moo - moo!

THE OLD APPLE PIE

(Tune: In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree.)

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie,
There is something for you and for I.
It may be a pin that the cook has dropped in,
Or a package of Black Diamond Dye.
It may be an old rusty nail,
Or a piece of a pussy cat's tail.
But whate'er it may be, 'tis for you and for me,
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

(Tune: There's a long, long, trail)

What a long, long tail our cat's got,
And it's all covered with fur,

But it's sure no good to fight with,
And no help for to purr;

She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor give the bad flies a bat,

Don't laugh or cry, but tell my why,
There's a tail on a long tailed cat!

It's a short, short life we lead here,
So let us laugh while we may,

With a song for every moment
Of the whole live-long day,

What's the use of looking gloomy,
And what's the use of our tears,

When we know a mummy's had no fun
For more'n three thousand years!

THAT WILD IRISH NOSE

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose .)

That wild Irish nose!
It spoils my sweet repose.
Pugnacious and grim,
It always butts in,
That wild Irish nose!
That wild Irish nose!
You'll hear it when it blows,
And some day for my sake
Sure, I'll try for to take
The bloom from
That wild Irish Nose!

Humorolls
Songs...

BOLOGNA

(Boloney)

(Tune: Pop, Goes The Weasel)

A Hebrew and two Irishmen, once
 In search of recreation,
 Took enough provisions along,
 To spend a vacation.
 They got lost, way out in the woods,
 It was dark and lonely.
 All their food gave out, except
 A piece of boloney.

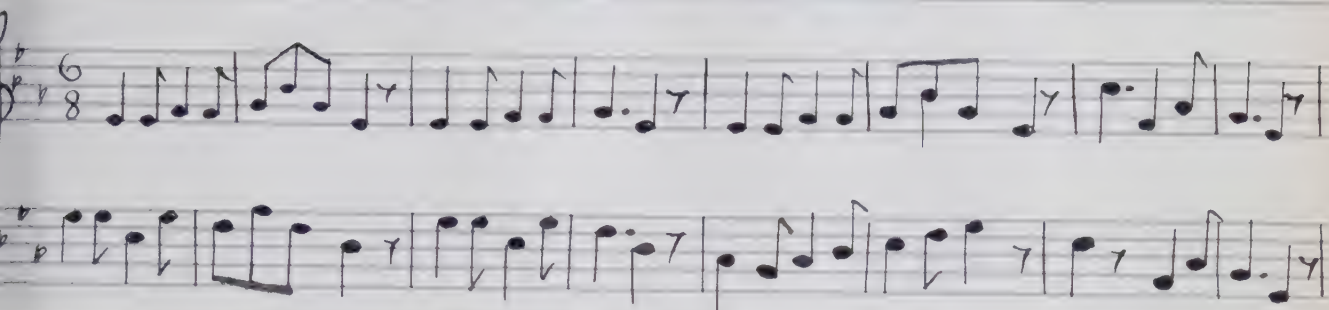
One of them shouted "I've got a knife
 But its no use of carving;
 If we do there's not enough
 To keep us from starving."
 "I suggest we all go to bed.
 Then," said Pat Mahoney,
 "He who has the nicest dream,
 He wins the boloney."

They all got up the very next morn
 At quarter after seven.
 One man said, "I dreamed I died,
 And went up to heaven.
 I went thru the beautiful gates,
 Riding on a pony
 You can't beat a dream like that,
 So I win the boloney."

His friend said "I also dreamed that I died,
 From overeating.
 I went up to heaven myself.
 Oh, my ~~what~~ a greeting!
 Old Saint Peter smiling said,
 'How are you, Maloney?'
 You can't beat a dream like that,
 I win the boloney."

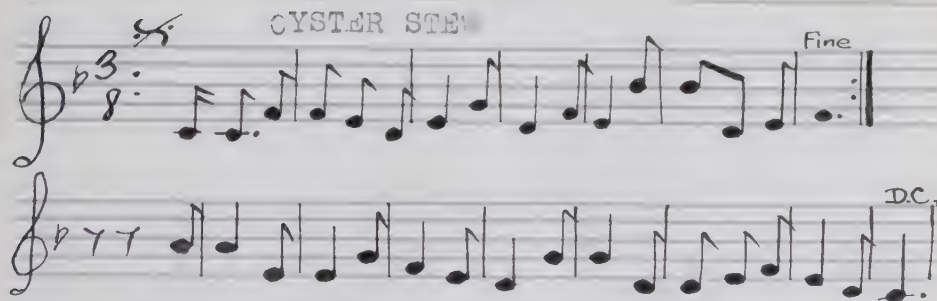
Levi said, "I'll have to admit
 I know you aren't lying.
 I dreamed that both of you died,
 Oh, how I was crying!
 You went up to heaven and then,
 While I felt so lonely,
 I dreamt that you weren't coming back,
 So I ate the boloney!"

BOLOGNA - POP GOES THE WEASEL



OYSTER STEW

Oh, I once ordered an oyster stew,
 Alone, tee - hee, alone.
 Just one little oyster hove in view,
 Alone, tee - hee, alone.
 He looked at me and smiled in glee.
 "I've been in many a stew," said he,
 "But don't tell cook that you saw me,
 "Alone, tee - hee, alone."



DUNDERBECK

(Tune: The Son of a Gambolier)

There was a fat old dutchman,
 His name was Dunderbeck.
 He was very fond of sausages,
 And sauerkraut and speck.
 He kept a fine large butcher shop,
 The finest ever seen,
 And he got him out a patent for
 A sausage-meat machine.

CHORUS

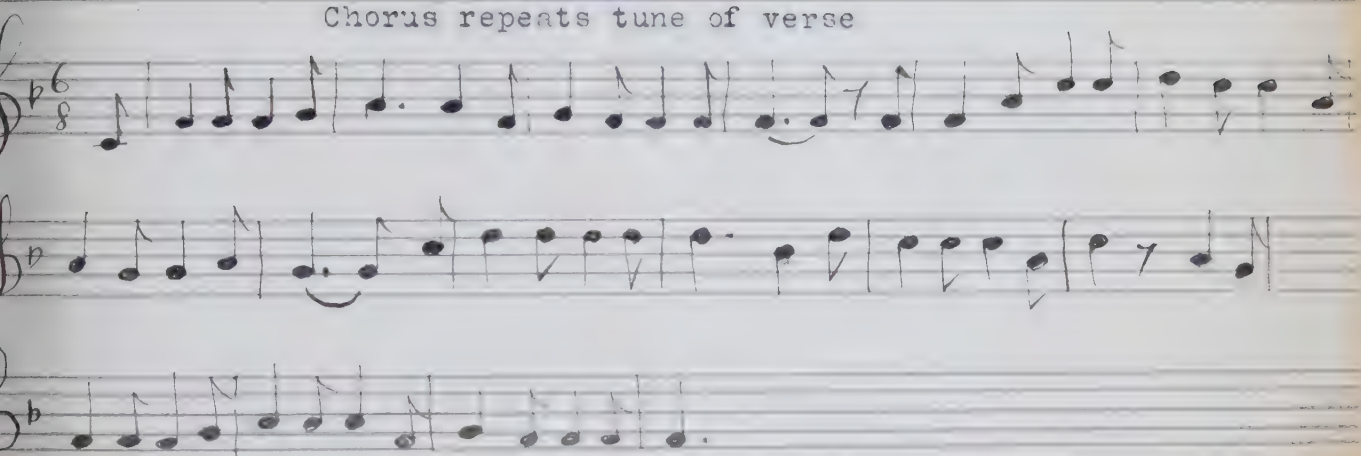
OH, Dunderbeck, oh, Dunderbeck,
 How could you be so mean.
 I'm sorry you e'er invented
 That sausage-meat machine.
 For pussy-cats and long-tailed rats
 Will never more be seen,
 For they'll all be ground to sausage-meat
 In Dunderbeck's machine

One day a very little boy
 Came walking in the store.
 To buy a pound of sausage-meat
 And eggs a half a score.
 But while he was standing there
 He whistled up a tune,
 And the sausages began to hop
 And skip about the room.

But something got the matter,
 The machine, it would not go.
 So Dunderbeck, he crawled inside,
 The reason for to know.
 His wife, she had a nightmare,
 And walking in her sleep,
 She gave the crank an awful yank,
 And Dunderbeck was meat!

DUNDERBECK

Chorus repeats tune of verse



THE NUT SONG

I'm a little prairie flower,
 Growing wilder every hour;
 Nobody cares to cultivate me,
 'Cause I'm as wild as wild can be.

(Shout) SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT, BAY RUM!

I'm a little patchwork quilt,
 All my edges trimmed with gilt;
 Nobody's ever wrapped up in me,
 'Cause I'm as crazy as can be.

(Shout) BOB AND A MARCEL, TOILET WATER!

I'm a little snowflake white,
 Floating downward in the night;
 Nobody ever cuddles up to me,
 'Cause I'm as cold as cold can be.

(Shout) GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR DEATH!

I'm a little wrinkled prune,
 Very soon I may be stewn
 When I am, look out for me,
 'Cause I'm as bad, as bad can be.

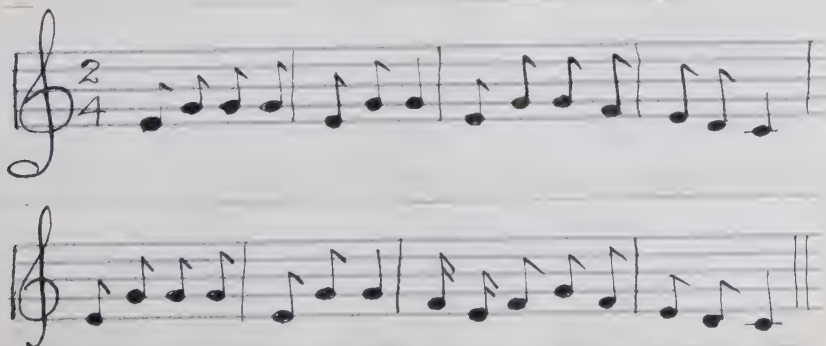
(Shout) TRIM AND A RE-SET, SIX BITS!

I'm a little acorn brown,
 Lying on the dusty ground;
 Nobody cares to pick me up,
 Because I'm just a little nut.

(Shout) ONLY A POOR NUT, HALF CRACKED!

I've got a dog as thin as a rail,
 He's got fleas all over his tail;
 Every time his tail goes flop,
 All the fleas on the bottom all hop on top.

(Shout) DOG ON A RADIATOR, HOT DOG!



JOSHUA EBENEZER FRY

I run the old mill, over here to Reubensville
 My name's Joshua, Ebenezer Fry
 I know a thing or two, you bet your life I do
 They don't ketch me, I'm too durn sly
 I've seen bunco men, allus got the best of them
 Once I met a couple on the Boston train
 They sez, "How de do". I sez "That'll dew!
 Travel right along with your old skin game!"

CHORUS

Wal, I swan, I must be gettin' on
 Giddap, Napoleon, it looks like rain
 Wal I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched
 Come in when you're over to the farm again.

We had a big show here 'bout a week ago
 Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam
 Ma sez, "Lets go, in to see the side show
 Just to take a look at the tattooed man."
 I see a guy look sharp at my pocketbook
 Sez, "Gimme two tens for a five."
 I sez, "You durn fule, I be the Constabule!"
 Now you're arrested, sure's you're alive!"

I drove the old bay into town yesterday
 Hitched by the track to the railroad fence
 Tied her good and strong, but a train came along
 And I haint seen the hoss or the wagin since
 Had to foot it home, so I started off alone
 When a man sez "Hurry! you're barn's on fire!"
 But I had the key in my pocket, you see
 So I knew he was either a fule or a liar!

My son Joshua went to Philadelphia
 He wouldn't do a day's work if he could
 Smoked cigaroots, too, way the city folks do
 What he's a-comin' to, ain't no good
 He didn't give a darn 'bout stayin' on the farm
 Keeps writin' home that he's doin' right well
 It seems sorto funny that he's allus outa money
 And Ma says the boy's up to some kind of mischief!

JOSHUA EBERLE FRY

Handwritten musical score for 'Joshua Eberle Fry'. The score is written on four staves in treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. The second staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third staff is labeled 'CHORUS' and the fourth staff continues the melody. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

I have a dear old father,
For whom I nightly pray;
He has a bunch of whiskers,
They're always in the way.

CHORUS:

They're always in the way,
The cows chew them for hay.
They hide the dirt on fathers shirt,
They're always in the way.

At supper in the evening,
Around the family group,
My dear old father's whiskers,
Get tangled in the soup.

My dear old mother chews them,
At night when she's asleep.
And dreams that she is eating,
A bowl of shredded wheat

My father has a flivver,
He calls it his "machine".
His whiskers are so long, that
They strain the gasoline.

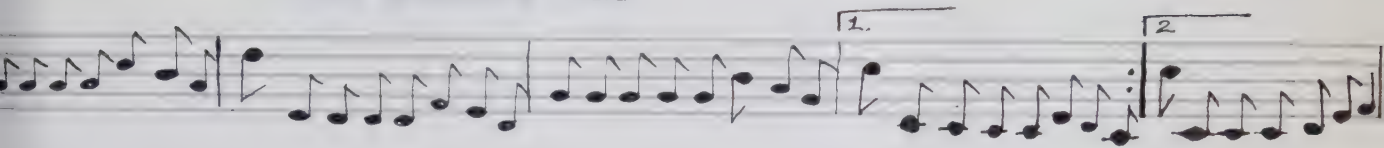
My father went to Flanders;
He was not killed you see.
He hid behind his whiskers,
And fooled the enemy.



The mushroom is a vegetable,
 To detect which you're not able.
 You can't tell them when you meet them,
 You can't tell them 'till you eat them.
 If in heaven you awaken,
 You will know you were mistaken,
 And the one's that you have eaten,
Weren't the ones you should have "et".

Violets, demure and pretty,
 Grow in bunches in the city,
 Where young men in ten-inch collars
 Spend for them their papa's dollars.
 What they pay for them, and roses,
 Goodness gracious only knowses.
 Roses vanish when you marry-
 Better get them while you can.

THE MUSHROOM SONG



MARIA

On a fence in the garden, a little tom-cat
 Sang, "Maria - Maria - Maria";
 I said, "My poor pussy-cat, what are you at,
 Singing Maria - Maria - Maria?"
 "Is it out of pure cussedness, pussy," I said,
 "That you keep honest people up out of their beds?"
 He replied, with a sorrowful shake of his head,
 "Maria - Maria - Maria!"

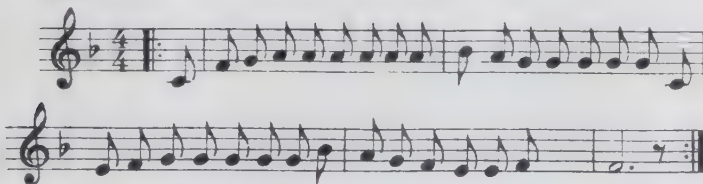
An old man slept up in the attic above,
 Maria - Maria - Maria.
 He listened to pussy's sweet ballad of love,
 Maria - Maria - Maria.
 With brickbats and boots he prepared for a fight,
 And knocked that poor Thomas cat clean out of sight.
 And the ghost of poor Tommy comes back every night,
 Singing "Maria - Maria - Maria!"

This is a parody on the famous "Tit-willow" song from the Gilbert and Sullivan Light-Opera "The Mikado", and is sung to the melody of that song.

THE BEE SONG.

There was a bee - i - e - i - e,
 Sat on a wall - i - all - i - all,
 And he did buzz - i - uzz - i - uzz,
 And that was all - i - all - i - all.
 There was a boy - i - oy - i - oy,
 He had a stick - i - ick - i - ick,
 He hit that bee - i - e - i - e
 An awful lick - i ick - i - ick.
 And then that bee - i - e - i - e,
 That boy did sting - i - ing - i - ing,
 Right where it hurt - i - urt - i - urt,
 Like everything - i - ing - i - ing.
 And then that boy - i - oy - i - oy,
 How he did yel - i - ell - i - ell,
 And told that bee - i - e - i - e,
 To go to - 'way down upon the Swanee River,
 Far, far away,
 That's where my heart is turning ever,
 Far from the old folks at home.

Tune:



In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

CHORUS:

O, my darling, O, my darling,
O, my darling, Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a feather,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, minus topses,
Sandals were, for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
He began to peak and pine,
'Lowd he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with my Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I draw the line.

CLEMENTINE



ARE YOU A CAMEL?

(Tune: When you wore a tulip.)

Are you a Camel, or aren't you a Camel?

And have you got a hump, hump, hump.

Do you sit at the table

Just as straight as you're able,

Or do you sit in a lump, lump, lump,

Are you a Flapper, a flip, floppy Flapper,
Without any starch in your spine,

If you're a Camel, or flip, floppy Flapper,
Please find somewhere else to recline!

IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR

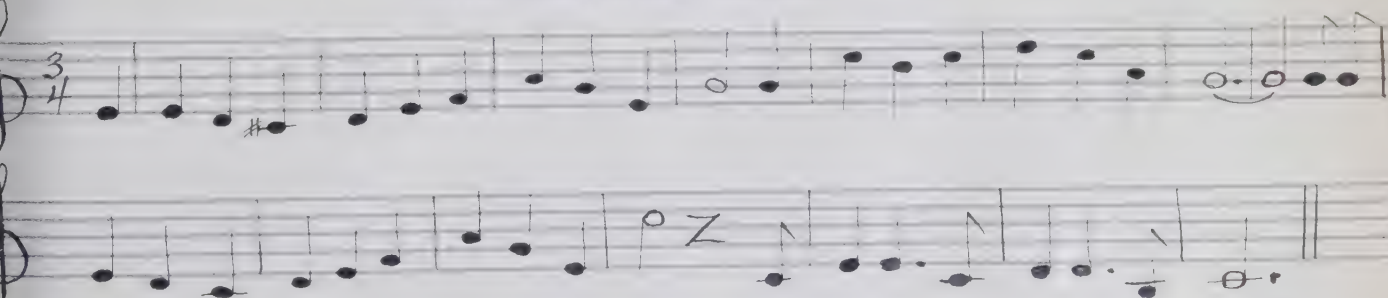
- . The sons of the prophet were brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear,-
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.
- . If you wanted a man to encourage the van
Or harass the foe from the rear
Storm fort or redout, you had only to shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.
- . Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar
And the bravest of these was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
- . One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer,
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
5. "Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull
That you wish to end you career?"
"Vile infidel, know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir!"
6. Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdul Abulbul Amir!"
7. "So take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar -
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar!"
8. Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk
With a cry of "Allah Akbar!"
And with murderous intent he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
9. They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed,
Of red blood they spilled a great part
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,
Say that hash was first made on that spot.
0. They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon;
The din, it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR

(continued)

11. As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
12. The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer.
But instead he drew nigh just to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
13. Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue,
Drove up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
14. There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danybe rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear,
Are: "Stranger, when passing, Oh, pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
15. A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs, so oft, as she weeps,
Is Ivan Spitswhiskytoofar.
16. The sons of the prophet were brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear
But the bravest by far, in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdel Abulbul Amir.
17. And the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar
And the bravest of these was the man by the name
Of Ivanspitswhiskytoofar.

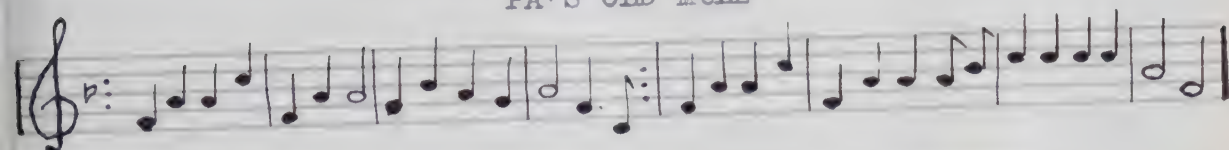
IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR



PA'S OLD MULE

Pa's old mule had the epi-kazoo
 Away down in his thorax.
 So Pa he took an old gas-pipe,
 And filled it up with bor-ax.
 Says Pa to the mule, "You hold this end,
 While I blow down the other."
 So Pa he blew,
 But the mule blew too!
 And the blow almost killed Father!

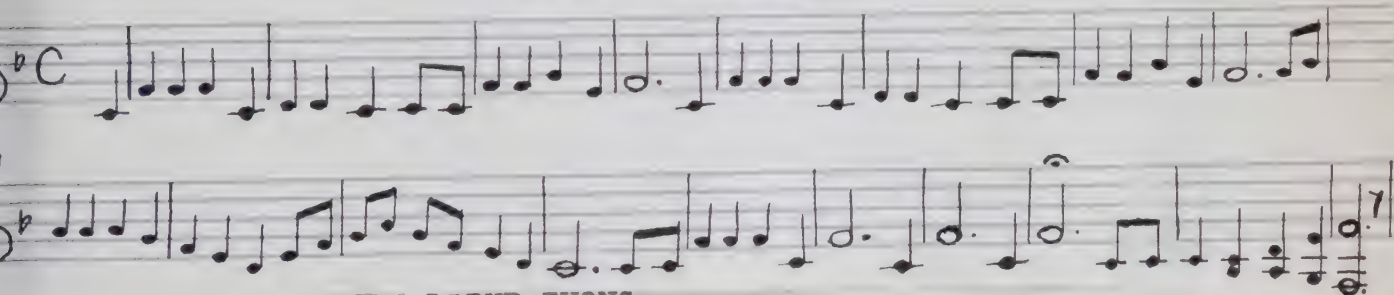
PA'S OLD MULE



THOMPSON'S MULE

Old Thompson had an old gray mule
 And he hitched him to a cart.
 He loved that mule, and the mule loved him
 With all his mulish heart.
 When the rooster crowed, Old Thompson knowed
 That the day was about to break
 And the mule he said
 HEE - HAW, HEE - HAW, HEE-E-E HAW-W-W !
 And he combed him down with a rake!

THOMPSON'S MULE

LITHP THONG
(Lisp Song)

(Tune: Farmer in the Dell)

I wish I were a fish
 I wish I were a fish
 I'd swim and swim
 In the deep, blue sea;
 I wish I were a fish!

I wish I weren't such a simp
 I wish I weren't such a simp
 I'd sing a song that had some sense,
 If I weren't such a simp!

Yon Sense
& Songs

(Tune: EVALINA. Key:G)

For a long time to come, I'll remember quite well,
Alone in a poorhouse a maiden did dwell.
She dwelt with her mother and father serene,
Her age it was red, and her hair was sixteen.

Not far from this maiden her lover did dwell,
He was knockkneed in both legs and humpbacked as well.
He said, "Let us fly by the light of your hair,
For you are the eye of my apple so fair.

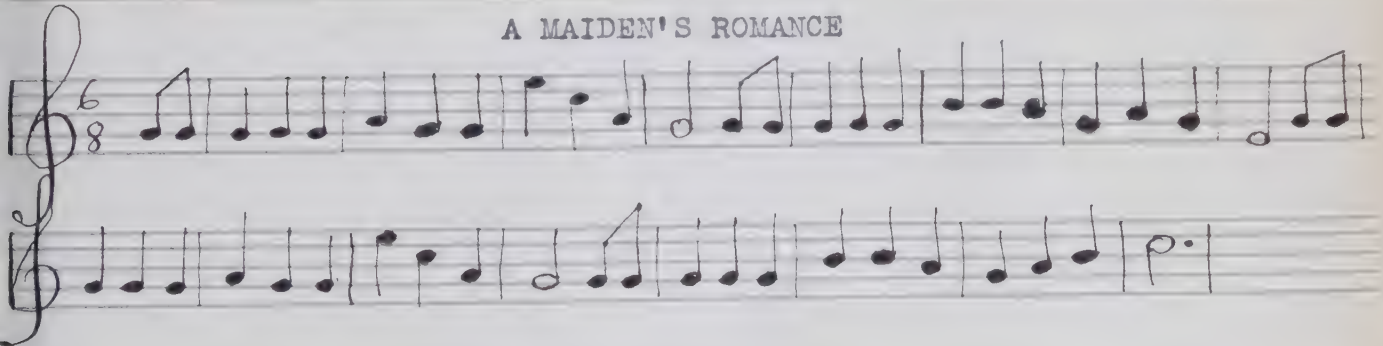
Said she to this young man, "Now you just get wise,
Or the old man will scratch out your nails with his eyes.
If you love me, don't leave me; it will be a disgrace!"
Cried the maid as she buried both mitts in her face.

But when she refused him, he rushed at this maid,
And swiftly he opened the knife of his blade;
And he cut the sweet throat of this maiden so fair,
And he drug her around by the head of her hair.

And just at this moment the old man arrives,
And he gazed at his trouble with tears full of eyes;
He knelt by the side of his daughter and kissed,
Then he rushed at the youth with both arms full of fist.

Said he to the young man, "Now you'd better bolt."
And he drew a horse pistol he'd raised from a colt;
The young man took flight up the chimney, 'tis true
Said he, "I must fly!" So he flew up the flue.

A MAIDEN'S ROMANCE



THE BILLBOARD.

As I was walking down the street
 A billboard met my eye
 The advertisements written there
 Would make you laugh and cry
 The wind and rain had come that day
 And washed it half away
 And what was written on that sign
 Would make that billboard say:

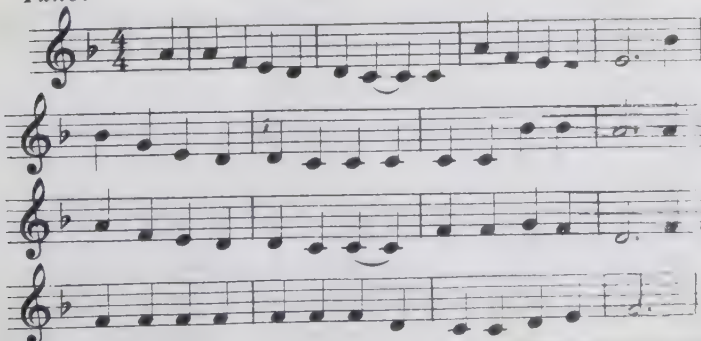
Come hear a Coca-cola
 Chew catsup flannelettes
 See Douglas Fairbanks wrestle
 With a can of oysterettes
 Teeth extracted without grease
 Quench your fire with oils
 It's time to wear your B. V. D.'s
 Red paint is fine for boils

Bay Rum is good for horses
 Feed dandruff to your calf
 Castoria cures the measles
 You inhale it in your bath
 Those pork and beans will meet tonight
 In fifty-seven fights
 A Super-six will gallup
 On a toasted Lucky Strike.

Chew Wrigley's for the headache
 Take Campbell's for that cough
 Keep that school-girl complexion
 With all clothes two-thirds off
 Buy a case of limburg cheese
 Rub it on your gums
 Your very dearest friend wont tell
 Why snow in summer comes

Eat Lux instead of cornflakes
 Slow down, boy, this is Niles
 Use brand-new hunks of chewing gum
 Every thousand miles
 Munch thumbtacks after every meal
 Wear nightshirts when it rains
 What makes the girls love -----
 When -----'s got all the brains?

Tune:



IT AIN'T A-GONNA RAIN NO MORE

(a syncopated version)
 (to the well-known tune)

1. We present a little ditty
 Which we think is very pretty
 We admit it is a pity
 That you've heard it all before

 For you must have heard it stated
 And again reiterated
 That it ain't a-gonna rain no more!

CHORUS;

Well, it ain't a-gonna rain no more, no more
 It ain't a-gonna rain no more
 But how in the heck will I wash my neck
 If it ain't a-gonna rain no more?

2. Oh, the vast depreciation
 In the mean precipitation
 Is the sort of situation we deplore

How can the information
 Reach the older generation
 That it ain't a-gonna rain no more?

CHORUS;

3. By the constant fluctuation
 In his wide circumvolation
 The mosquito's elevation may be either high or low

 But upon approximation
 To my personal location
 He ain't a-gonna fly no more!

CHORUS;

4. Now the patent erudition
 Of the present inquisition
 And the constant repetition as we state it o'er and o'er

 Should eliminate suspicion
 Of our basic proposition
 That it ain't a-gonna rain no more!

CHORUS;

IT AIN'T A-GONNA RAIN NO MORE
(a syncopated version)

(continued)

5. Oh, the night was insolubrious
Decidedly lugubrious
The atmosphere with snow and ice replete

A frigid centenarian
Was wholly sedentary, an'
His shoes were full of feet!

CHORUS;

6. There's phrenology, astrology,
Anthropo-archaeology
Oh, gee, we're full of lore

And without the least confusion
We've arrived at this conclusion
That it ain't a-gonna rain no more!

CHORUS;

7. She was leaning o'er the rail
And a-looking deathly pale
Was she fishing for a whale? -- not at all!

She was a missionary's daughter
Casting bread upon the water
In a way she hadn't oughter do at all!

CHORUS;

8. I've a little girl named Teeny
She's a little spanish weeny
And she loves the chili-beanie for to eat

When she eats a hot tamale
Then she gets a breath, by golly
Strong enough to stop a trolley on the street!
9. Now the boy that gets the closest
Gets the most-est halitosis
For she hands it out in doses strong and smelly

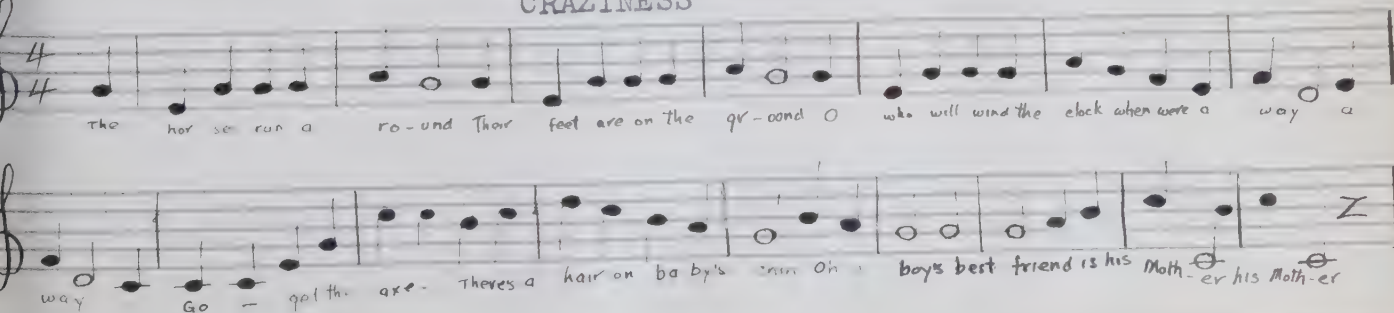
Just to see her gently frolic
Thru a peck or two of garlic
You would think she'd get the colic in her --- tummy!

CHORUS;

CRAZINESS

1. The horses run around
 Their feet are on the ground
 Oh, who will wind the clock when I'm away, away?
 Go get the axe, there's a hair on baby's chin
 Oh, a boy's best friend is his mother,
 His mother.
2. Looking out the window
 The second-story window
 I slipped and strained my eye-brow on the sidewalk
 Go get the listerine, Sister wants a beau
 We hope that Grandma's teeth will soon fit Jenny,
 Fit Jenny.
3. She spanked him with a shingle
 And made his panties tingle
 Because he socked his little baby brother,
 His brother
 A snake's belt always slips just because he has no hi
 For his belt-line is just below his necktie,
 His necktie.
4. When Lindbergh flew the ocean
 He had a foolish notion
 He'd eat froglegs for breakfast when in Paris,
 In Paris
 We sing because we like it and we don't care if you d
 Who poured the ink in Mrs. Murphy's chowder,
 Her soup?
5. There's cabbage all around
 And stringbeans on the ground
 Oh, who will eat the stuff when we're away, away?
 Go wash an elephant, if you're so ambitious
 Why didn't Noah strangle all the polecats,
 Wood-pussies?
6. Peeking thru the knothole
 In father's wooden leg
 Why did they build the shore so near the ocean,
 The ocean
 He went into a powder mill, smoking a cigar
 And was picked up by fourteen radio stations
 No foolin' !

CRAZINESS



Pirate
Songs

THE BUCCANEER'S HYMN

1. I'm the boy who makes the doughty Dons beware
 And I wears a mighty heavy chest of hair
 My name is Pirate Jim, I'm a man that's gruff and grim
 That's never sung a hymn, and doesn't care!

CHORUS;

I'm a scarry, starry, tarry buccaneer
 There's not a craft a-cruisin' that I fear
 I am famed for my capacity, my marvelous mentality
 And copious capacity for beer!

2. I've a treasure chest that's crammed with bright moldloires
 I've a hold that's full of golden Louis D'Ors
 I've a knife a-tween my teeth
 And a cutlass in its sheath
 And a pistol and a Bristol in my drawers!

CHORUS;

3. For years I've scoured the sea with flame and sword
 And fleets of gallant ships I've laid a-board
 There's an island that is rotten
 With the treasure i have gotten
 And I know the very spot in which its stored!

CHORUS;

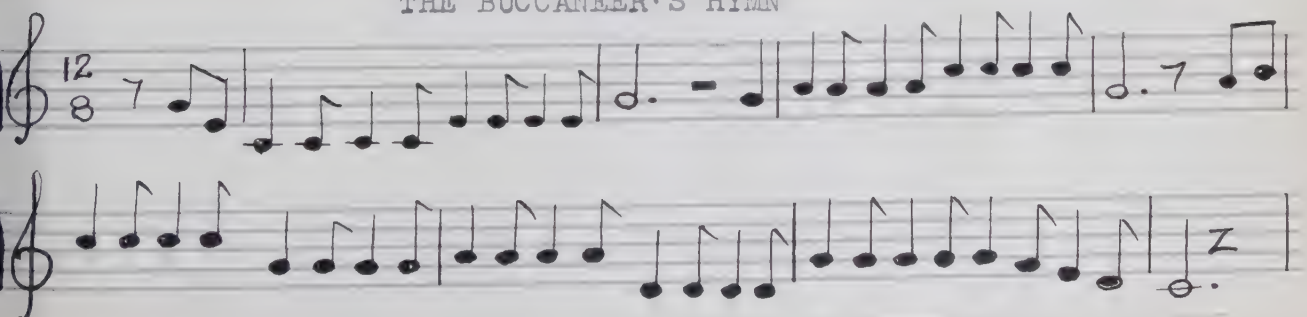
4. Let us mourn the quick decease of Captain Pym
 With a rope around his arms, he couldn't swim!
 And his generous bequest was annulled by request
 For he left what he possessed to Captain Jim!

CHORUS;

5. Now the sort of grog I swallows with a wink
 Is difficult and poisonous to drink
 Why, a quarter of a dram'll
 Simply petrify a camel
 And remove the white enamel from the sink!

CHORUS;

THE BUCCANEER'S HYMN



A PIRATE SERENADE

(Tune: A Spanish Cavalier.)

1. A gay young buccaneer
 Went strolling with his dear
 Handing out his long line of to-ro
 "Garrambal!" said she,
 "My Pirate man for me!
 He throws the bull like a brave toreadoro!"

CHORUS;

Say darling, say
 When I'm far away
 I'll send you a postal from Ca-diz
 We love the senoritas
 So kindly they treat us
 O, the Pirates rate a million with the ladies!

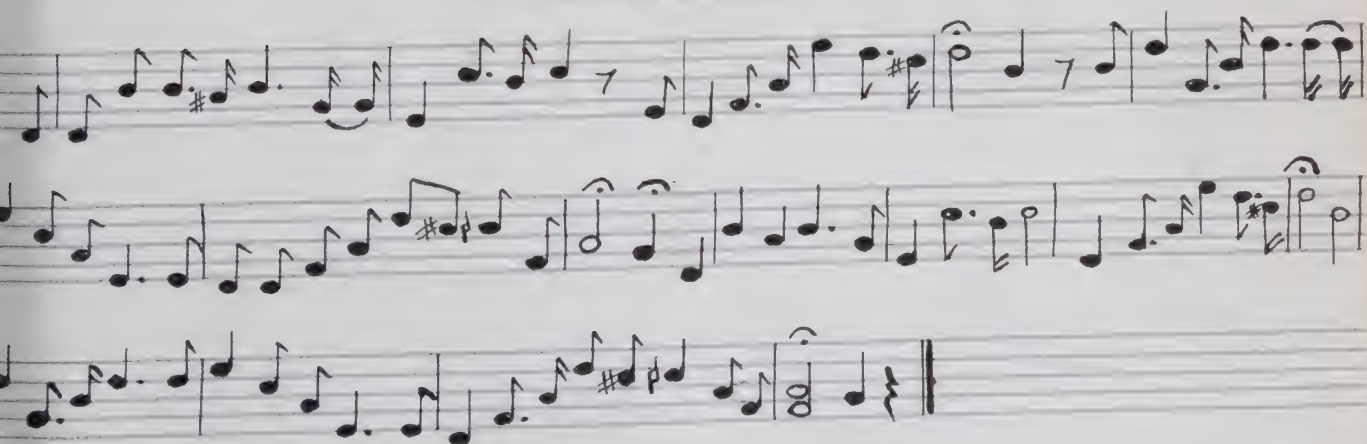
2.

They sat down on the ground.
 He put his arm around
 Her waist, and said, "Yo quioer un beso!"
 Said she, "A me le gusta!
 Please do it like you usta
 And if you want another one, just say so!

CHORUS;

Say darling, say
 When I'm far away
 I'll send you a postal from Ca-diz
 We love the senoritas
 So kindly they treat us
 O, the Pirates rate a million with the ladies!

A PIRATE SERENADE



CAPTAIN JOHN

(his ditty)

1. Good old Captain John
 He was a Pirate bold, so bold
 A-sailing o'er the sea,
 A-sailing o'er the sea.
 Whene'er he saw a galleon
 Laden with gold, with gold,
 He'd shout so merilee,,,
 He'd shout so merrilee

CHORUS; Pieces of eight
 O, lay 'em aboard!
 Yo ho-ho
 And a bottle of rum
 Meeting their fate
 Beneath the sword,
 Off they go
 To kingdom come!

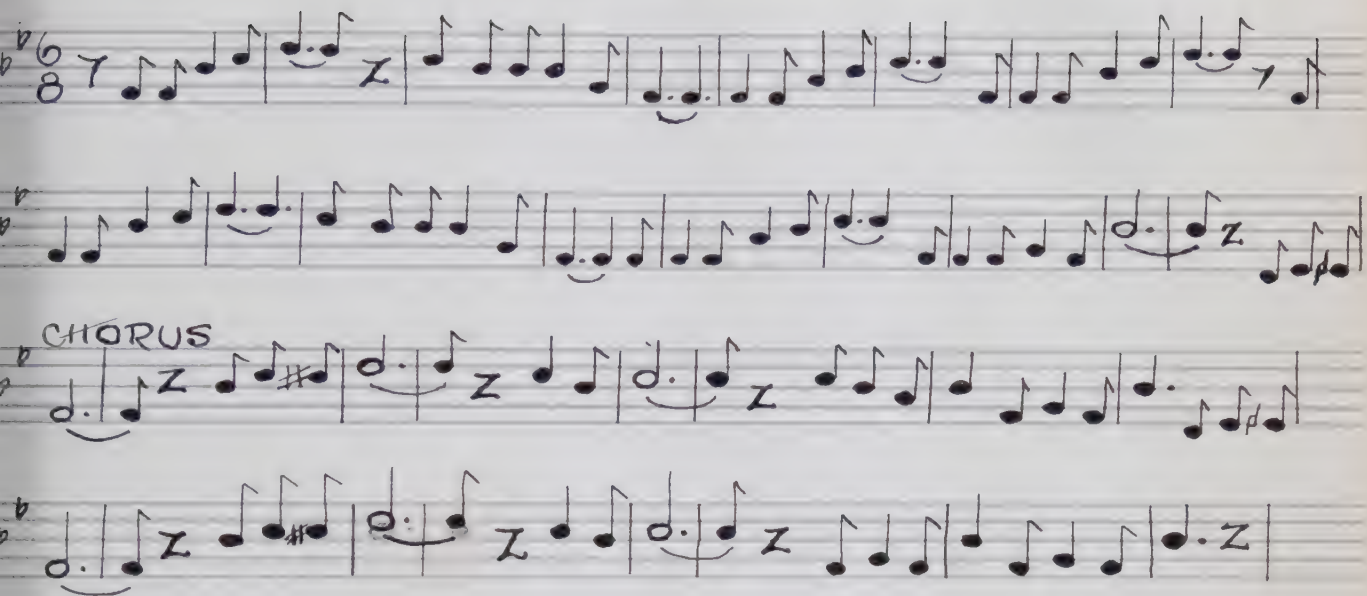
2. The cook was frying fish
 So sweet, so juicy and good
 And singing sizzle dee-dee
 And singing sizzle dee-dee
 But when they heard the Captain shout
 Upon their tails they stood, they stood
 And sang so merrilee
 And sang so merrilee!

CHORUS; Pieces of eight
 O, lay 'em aboard
 Yo ho-ho
 And a bottle of rum
 Meeting their fate
 Beneath the sword
 Off they go
 To Kingdom Come!

3. Good old Captain John
 At last was caught, to the yard-arm brought
 With a rope around his neck,
 With a rope around his neck.
 And as they pulled the platform out
 Captain John was heard to shout:
 What ho! all hands on deck!
 What ho! all hands on deck!

CHORUS; Pieces of eight
 O, lay 'em aboard
 Yo ho-ho
 And a bottle of rum
 Meeting my fate
 Beneath the cord
 Off I go
 To Kingdom Come!.

CAPTAIN JOHN



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